

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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The War Office notifies that from now onward all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsgathers who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Roumania should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

. We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS at the FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed, and no postage need be paid.

WAR'S CHANGES.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S well known verses, wherein he laments that war has swept away delicate pleasures and brought us up against stark reality, acquire new force as time passes and the individual is forced to surrender more and more of his liberty. He feels compulsion of one sort or another gathering round him like a net, drawing him away from life-long habits, affecting his diet, altering his business hours. And strangest of all, he experiences no rebellious feeling at interference that would have kindled hot resentment two years ago. What is true of the individual is equally true of the State. For example, it was plausibly contended before the war that Canada, Australia and New Zealand should each have its own navy for the defence of its shores. But events have shown that the little navy, like the little nation, is likely to fare ill in modern warfare.

Admiral Cradock's fleet went down before the superior force of von Spee, and von Spee had to submit to the same fate when he encountered the ships of Admiral Sturdee. The security of the ocean highway has been maintained because the Great Fleet has effectively prevented the emergence of the enemy ships from Kiel harbour. General Botha drew the right moral when he declared after his victory, "were it not that the British Navy kept the seas clear, it would have been absolutely impossible for us to achieve what we have done."

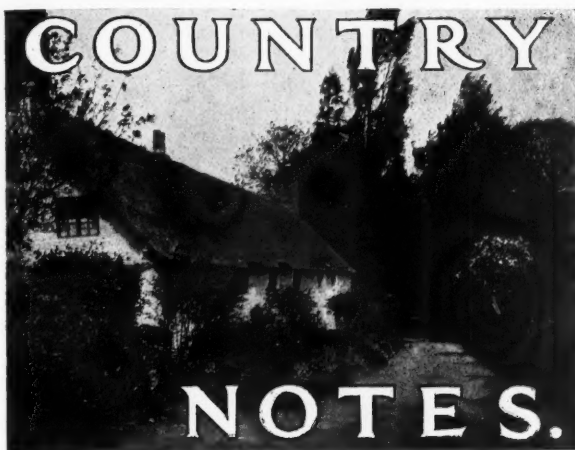
This example supplies the key to our future naval policy. In many other directions great changes must follow the war. They are set out with knowledge in a volume entitled "The New Empire Partnership," written by the brothers Percy and Archibald Hurd, and published by John Murray. It is a work on the imperialism of the future as it must be modified by the daily lessons of the war. The British Empire extends over a fourth of the civilised world. It is populated by only 62,000,000 white to 350,000,000 coloured people. The Colonies have for years past been rapidly developing new characteristics. At first they were mainly pastoral, and now great towns and great industries have been developed. Let anyone only think what this means in regard to the manufacture of munitions alone. Germany has grasped the possibilities all along and ever since the death of Queen Victoria. Our authors very truly say, "The spelter ores of Australia, the hematite and nickel ores of British North America, and much else of the basic wealth of the British Empire, we had left to be exploited by Germany to her gain and our hurt."

Our leaders have been singularly neglectful of these crafty and encroaching tactics. They must be urged to greater decisiveness of thought and action in the future. A great opportunity is now offered. The Empire to a large extent has been purged of its German element. Our imperative business is to prevent any recurrence of the malady. It may be necessary to effect still deeper changes. The various parts of the Empire must be knit together into a more compact whole, joined closely on equal terms. Lord Rosebery has pointed out the extent to which Colonial questions predominate in the foreign policy of to-day. Therefore the Colonies must have a voice in framing it. And as numbers of men, mass, is the deciding factor in international quarrels, mutual advice, help and support must be given in regard to the development and close settlement of land. If it be true, as it assuredly is, that wealth sufficient to pay the war expenses twenty times lies in the hitherto untitled land of Great Britain, how vast must be the unexploited treasure of the Colonies! The first and most important matter is to concentrate on beating the enemy, but when that feat is accomplished, by a frank acceptance of the lessons of the war and a resolute policy founded upon them a way will be found for the Empire to reach forward to a prosperity greater than any it has yet known. But it should not be omitted from notice that the steps necessary for winning the war are in many cases those which will most conduce to the reorganisation of the country as a whole. For instance, the enlargement of our home-grown food supply is made advisable by the high war prices and the danger, remote though it may be, of a blockade being established. But if the last element of danger were removed, it would still be a matter of the highest importance that we should learn to make more of the land than we have been in the habit of making. There are few gardens, either of the rich or the poor, which have not become much more productive under the stress of the times. We believe, too, that the expense connected with a more intensive cultivation, despite the cost of labour and other difficulties of the same kind, is not at all great in proportion to the increase in quantity and quality. The organisation of the land for greater and more economical production is a movement that, having been started by the war, will, we hope, go on long after the proclamation of peace.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Elizabeth Asquith, half-sister of Mrs. Bonham-Carter, whose portrait we published last week.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



WHILE we in Great Britain, with a conscientious laboriousness that seems to belong to our character, hold days for this and that country, and strive in the most humble and submissive manner to get a good understanding of our foreign Allies, it is seldom indeed that we hear of similar efforts being made in other countries. All the more gladly do we welcome the holding of an England Day in Moscow. We do not hear of Russian ladies waving little Union Jacks at street corners and pinning one to the buttonhole of those who volunteer a subscription; but, what is of more consequence to this country, lectures were given and speeches delivered, the object of which was to show the part Great Britain is playing in the present war and to thereby increase the understanding and sympathy of the Czar's subjects. This is all the more necessary because the greatest work which Great Britain has done so far has been almost invisible. It has not devolved upon the Fleet to fight many battles of any kind and it has fought no great battle, but, nevertheless, it has bottled up the enemy in his ports and kept the ocean highways open to the traffic of the Allies. Almost more remarkable and equally liable to escape notice is the manner in which the submarine danger has been overcome. Even so great a sea captain as Sir Percy Scott held at the beginning of the war that there could be no offensive against the submarine; the only good plan was to keep out of its way. But the British sailor has not been brought up to keep out of the way, and finding nothing in the books about the methods of destroying submarines, he set to work and invented plans of his own. The results have been of great value to Russia as well as the other Allies, and it is satisfactory to know that an opportunity has been afforded of making the facts known.

THE best answer to the peace mutterings which are being heard in Germany, and, like so much else in that country, are probably produced for a very intelligible purpose, is to be found in the new text of the Allies' fighting agreement. It is a very terse document, even after the addition recently made to it. On September 5th, 1914, the British, French and Russian Governments signed at London a declaration that they would not conclude peace separately during the present war. The Japanese Government gave its adhesion on October 9th, 1915, and now on November 30th Italy has formally signed also, and the important clause reads: "No one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies." It may suit Germany to talk of peace just now, but the Allies cannot entertain any proposal of the kind as long as there are Germans in occupation of Belgium, part of France, part of Russia, or part of Serbia, and not until Italy has realised the legitimate ambition with which she entered the war.

MR. BIRRELL put a real truth in a clever phrase when he told some of his Bristol constituents that the country had stored away in the attics of St. Stephen's a great many of the gods that had been worshipped before the war, and that for his part he hoped when the war was over they would remain there. When the critical moment came it was found that this country was not organised for war or, indeed, for any other purpose. Its strength was not massed and brought into order. Many of what were thought to be precious liberties of the subject were really obstacles in the way of developing the entire strength and efficiency of the nation. All the special war legislation may not become permanent when peace is

declared, but a certain proportion could be retained to the great advantage of the nation. Changes of permanent value have been made. We have, for example, been driven along the path towards a greater simplicity of life and greater temperance in the uses of both food and drink. No harm at all has resulted as far as we can see from the new departures in these directions. War or no war, temperance, soberness and frugality will continue to be virtues worth cultivation.

WHILE Ministers are eloquently exhorting their followers to adopt new methods of economy, it is impossible not to sympathise with the retort that they should begin by setting the example. Members of Parliament had got on very well without payment for several hundred years, till Mr. Lloyd George came along with his proposal to give each a salary of £400 per annum. At a time like this the surrender of this income would have a very wholesome effect upon those who have been lectured about the need of saving. Example is always better than precept. Then, the Ministers themselves are the most highly paid in the world, and yet many of them are men of great private wealth. Considering that incomes have been greatly lowered throughout the whole country, the members of the administration might very well agree to a self-denying ordinance by which they would relinquish a proportion of the money they draw from the State. Mr. Asquith, when he has been questioned, has invariably replied that this is a matter to be left to the individual conscience of the minister. That is not a very fair way of putting it. A rich minister might conceivably feel that it was unfair to his poorer colleagues to give up more than they can afford. If a general rule is made, say a deduction of one-fourth from their incomes, they are all treated alike, and still the poorest would have enough left to maintain the position to which he is entitled.

SLUMBER SONG.

A song for your sleeping,
As twilight turns grey:
Hush all laughter or weeping,
'Tis the end of the day.

And, all things forgetting,
Leave rapture or strife:
Till the morning star's setting
'Tis the end of your life.

So fold away sorrow
Where gladness lies furled:
Till the dawn of to-morrow
'Tis the end of the world.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

OUR Army in Mesopotamia, under the command of General Townshend, has hitherto been brilliantly successful, and the recent check is therefore the more regrettable. It is described in four messages from the Press Bureau, the fragmentary character of which may easily be accounted for by the remoteness of the scene of operations and the difficulty in getting news through. On November 22nd a battle was fought at Ctesiphon in which our troops were brilliantly successful, although the casualty list was heavy. The Turks came out in unexpectedly large numbers, at least four divisions being present. Two days after the battle the British withdrew on account of water difficulties, and the Turks seem to have continued their retreat towards Baghdad. On November 25th General Townshend on the field of battle collected the remainder of his wounded and proceeded to march over a thousand Turkish prisoners towards his base. But at that point the Turks were very greatly reinforced, it is supposed by an army which for the last month has been making its way to Baghdad under the command of von der Goltz. There was nothing for General Townshend to do but retreat towards his base at Kut-el-Amara. Evidently he got away his prisoners and his wounded without any further serious casualties, but the total loss at Ctesiphon appears to have been over four thousand British and Indians, which probably was about a third of the forces under his command.

PUBLIC opinion ought to welcome the announcement by Royal Warrant that better provision has been made for disabled officers and for the widows and children of those who have lost their lives in the present war. What rendered the change imperative was the circumstance that in the

armies of to-day there are necessarily more officers without private means and in peace time wholly dependent on some calling or profession for the means of livelihood. After the Boer War employers were very considerate in reinstating as many as possible in their former positions and in finding something to do for those who were partially disabled. But after this war even this will be more difficult. Businesses have been so much disarranged that many of the posts filled by Territorial officers will have disappeared altogether by the end of the war and, until the economic forces of the country are once more rearranged, some who have served their country well and have suffered loss of limb might be hard put to it to provide means of sustenance if the Government did not come to their rescue.

IN his lecture on the fly nuisance at the Royal Society of Arts on December 1st, Dr. Shipley said that nobody exactly knows what becomes of flies in winter. Mr. Halford Ross and Dr. Brincker, of the Public Health Service for London, are busy with an experiment that may, perhaps, dispel the darkness. Dr. Brincker has found that in the cold weather of early autumn the larvæ of the flies dig themselves into their food and remain embedded in the decaying matter which, as every gardener knows, produces a certain amount of heat. In this condition, which produces torpor, insects remain during the winter. Whether they will awake again with the advent of the spring flowers is to be decided. Mr. Halford Ross appears to be inclined to think that this is the method by which fly life is preserved from time to time. If so, the abatement of the fly nuisance will become very much simplified, as it will be only necessary to examine their breeding places and cleanse all possible fly lairs—manure, refuge and garbage, waste food deposits, and so on—in order to bring about a vast reduction during the coming summer.

LORD DERBY'S enlistment campaign runs to a close this week, and as we write it is doubtful if it will succeed in providing the necessary number of recruits. The authorities will be able to say at once on Saturday night, because they have committed themselves now to take a certain part in the war and can say with a near approach to exactitude exactly how many soldiers are required. If those in favour of voluntarism were to make a very decided spurt, even at the eleventh hour, they might secure sufficient to put off compulsion for the present. For this thanks are due to Lord Derby. He has taken up his chosen cause with the vigour of one whose habit it is to do with his might what he findeth to do. We must repeat what we have said before, that no praise is too great for the man who, on patriotic grounds, consents to work for a system in which he does not believe, with the zeal of an enthusiast. We know of no apostle of voluntarism who could have put more heart and "go" into his work than Lord Derby, yet he confesses himself a believer in compulsory service. It is an idle thing to try to cross a bridge before coming to it, and therefore we refrain from discussing the merits of the voluntary as compared with the compulsory system till the result has been made public. If it had not been for the stumbling of Ministers, Lord Derby would probably have ridden the scheme he does not like to a win. As it is, a very close finish is promised.

ON Monday the appearance of many rubicund faces on the streets of London told that, in spite of the hard times, the farmers were making their usual excursion to town for the purpose of supporting the Smithfield Show. In one respect the exhibition was not quite up to the usual standard this year. There was a falling off in the number of entries. On the other hand, several novel and interesting features attracted attention. Several of the other fat stock shows have not been held this year, with the result that many new candidates were brought forward. Usually the Smithfield Show resembles a court of appeal. Verdicts have been given in favour of this or that animal at Edinburgh, Birmingham, Norwich and elsewhere, and Smithfield is asked to decide between them. The judges have long had a reputation for fearlessness, and it generally happens that they upset in some important particular the verdict arrived at in the provinces. This year the attraction lay more in the novelty of the exhibits; there were very few decisions of importance to revise. A description of the King's magnificent successes will be found on another page. Once more a Windsor heifer of the traditional type is champion.

IN such a year as this it must be a matter of perplexity on the part of many people to know what to do at Christmas. On the one side they know that economy is not only prudent, but a duty which is owed to the community; and on the other, it seems very unnecessary that the pleasures associated with the season should be dispensed with altogether. "In moderation lies your strength," says the wise man. Those who are tempted to live a life too austere at Christmas should remember the children and young people generally. They are advancing to a period of life when in the natural course of things they will have checks and griefs enough. It devolves upon the old to make the hours of youth as sunny as possible. We are sure that the main causes of our anxiety, the men who are at the front, would be the very last to suggest or to wish that a curtain of sadness should fall over the country on their account. They, at least, know how to be merry under any circumstances. Fortunately for us all, happiness does not altogether depend upon money, and children especially depend very little upon it. A boy can get as much happiness out of a toy made with his own pocket-knife as out of one for which his richest uncle paid guineas. Preparations, we think, should be made for the spending of a quiet and happy, though not a boisterous or money-spending Christmas.

LONDON.

London, saturnine city, dark fane in an island austere,
To the gods of a clime ungentle 'tis meet that a stern folk rear
Your precinct and edifice dread. Our spirit is graven here
In your grey majestic sameness, in your roads, grim tier upon tier.

But your lovers may breathe a hid beauty—a savour of lives
sweet and brave
That enfoldeth your stone like an incense from a worship guarded
and grave;
And your sorrows will move them like music, plaintive as voices
that lave
With litanies unregarded a hollow minster's nave.

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

LAST week we parted from our readers with Colonel Hall-Walker still in the act of offering his stud and the State still hesitating about its acceptance. Not until the night before the projected sale was a telegram sent to the owner by Lord Selborne, saying that the generous gift was accepted. The message came from the Board of Agriculture, and it may be assumed, therefore, that that body was the deciding factor. As far as we know, nobody has yet produced a national scheme for dealing with the new position, but a preliminary step of much importance has been taken. A committee has been appointed to advise upon the subject, and it is said to consist of Colonel Hall-Walker, M.P., Captain J. H. Greer and Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P. It would be difficult to select in Great Britain three men more qualified for the task. Mr. Chaplin had a long experience on the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, and Captain J. H. Greer is the owner of the Brownstown Stud in Ireland, known to racing men as for twenty years the home of Gallinule. The Government has come into possession of magnificent material for improving the light horses of this country, and it will be interesting to watch the development of their plan for the maintenance in this country of a full supply of army horses.

NEXT year a change is to be made at Kew Gardens and visitors are to be charged a penny for entering. We hope that the imposition of this toll will not have the effect of seriously diminishing the number. It amounted to three millions in 1914, and City dwellers could not possibly spend their leisure to more advantage than in the pure air and interesting plants and no less interesting work of the famous Gardens. No explanation is given of the reasons which have actuated the Board of Agriculture, the responsible body, to make a charge at the entrance gate. The revenue obtainable cannot possibly be very large when the cost of collection is deducted, so that it scarcely can be the new spirit of economy which is accountable. Shopkeepers in the neighbourhood are very much dissatisfied, as, of course, the steady influx of visitors meant a good deal to them. They are getting up a protest, and it will probably be supported to a considerable extent by the general public.

RAEMAEKERS' WAR CARTOONS.

THE rise into fame of Mr. Louis Raemaekers is the most extraordinary surprise that has arisen in the Art world for many a long day. A year ago his name was absolutely unknown in this country, even to those who follow the trend of art in foreign countries. Forain, Steinlen and others, among satirists with the pencil, have attained here to a well deserved celebrity.

again by others which let in a very lurid light upon the commercial intercourse between Holland and Germany, and how barefaced, "idyllic" the artist calls it, is the traffic in contraband between a so-called neutral and one of the combatants. These but reflected the views of the proprietors of the paper in question, which alone of the Dutch Press has raised its voice on behalf of its sister Belgium and its



CROWN PRINCE: *Isn't this an enjoyable war?*

WILHELM: *Perhaps, but hardly as much so as I anticipated.*

Raemaekers was known to nobody. Gradually notices crept into the Press of this or that cartoon which, appearing in the Dutch paper *Der Telegraaf*, exposed in the most trenchant manner the terrible doings of the Germans in Belgium. These were followed by others showing the machinations of the Germans to win over Holland, and yet

old friend Great Britain. But they brought down the vials of wrath of Germany upon the paper and all connected with it, and (shall we say at German command?) suits have been commenced against all concerned, which have culminated within the last few days in the arrest of the editor and warnings to the artist, now over here, not to return.

These proceedings only follow a reward of 10,000 marks offered to any German or other emissary who will entice Raemaekers over the frontier.

But celebrity concerning Continental art matters does not spread rapidly to this country, and when it was announced that Raemaekers had been invited to show his cartoons over here, not one artist in a hundred was cognisant even of his name. The power of the Press was never more strikingly illustrated than in what it has done in this instance. It is not ten days since notices of Raemaekers' work was given much prominence in the columns of one of the great dailies, and now hundreds are being turned away every afternoon from the galleries of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, where the cartoons are being exhibited, while the artist is being received by the King, the Ministers, the Admiralty and War Office, and arrangements have been made (tardily, it is true) for a vast issue of pamphlets containing the cartoons that further the Allied cause, and which are to be sown over the length and breadth of neutral countries.

A "propagandist," that is what the artist describes himself to be, and that has been his aim throughout. Propagandism of facts that will combat the falsehoods that have been so cunningly propagated in his country and elsewhere. That this should have been carried out not only by a citizen of a neutral country, but by one who is German on his mother's side is the more remarkable.

The cartoons have been arranged with much method, which combines a chronological with a topographic order. We are introduced at the outset to a series, perhaps the most terribly realistic of all, namely, the occupation of Belgium by Germany. These are followed by a large group in which the Dutch attitude is characterised and in which the artist has not feared to criticise his compatriots, or to point to the pressure put even upon his Queen. We then come to the early days of this year and the horrors that accompanied it—the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Falaba* and the inventions of the Hun—Zeppelin and other raids, gas, fire, mines—as to which, even the Devil admits he must take a back seat. The death of Miss Cavell, the domination of Turkey, the vacillations of Ferdinand and the adjurations to "Tino" to disregard altogether the wishes of his people, bring us to a close, wherein certain prophetic cartoons suggest the

future of the author of the war and the terrible confession that, at the end of two thousand years of civilisation, it is still bound in chains to the gun-carriage of war.

It is curious that in the whole 160 there is but one that has to do with this country, and this is not flattering. It is entitled, "Alcoholism—Britons never will be slaves."

It has been asserted that the cartoons explain themselves; this is hardly the case, certainly not in the majority of instances, and those who see the collection without the aid of a catalogue will miss half the point of the illustrations. The artist says that the title and picture usually come to his mind simultaneously and are both part of the same process of expression. The titles (which, by the way, have been very well adapted into English) have a trenchant wit or sarcasm which doubles the value of the cartoon. For instances, take the murdered Miss Cavell, where the German Emperor sitting behind a curtain is assured of her death and says to the German commander: "Now you can bring me the American protest"; or the unfortunate German peasant (who figures in many cartoons under the pseudonym of "Michael") who has invested in the war loan and who says "For my 100 marks I obtained a receipt, I gave this for a second 100 marks and I received a second receipt. For the third loan I gave the second receipt. Have I invested 300 marks and has the Government got 300 or have both of us got nothing?" Or the Kaiser awaking from his night's sleep and saying: "I had such a delightful dream that the whole thing was not true"; or the two sailors speaking of the raid—"Do you remember Black Mary of Hamburg?" "Aye, well." "She got six years for killing a child and we get the Iron Cross for killing twenty at Hartlepool." These are but instances to be adduced from the majority of the cartoons.

Lastly, the drawings must be looked at as specimens of draughtsmanship of a most exceptional kind. Done under the pressure of time, for the artist has had to invent and execute one almost every other day, he has had to be economical in the use of the pencil. Where he has been so the more we see the facility and the knowledge that he can put into the result. The last named drawing is an instance, and others such as (25) "Its fattening work," and (100) "The German Tango" are proofs of this.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A CANVASSER

BY A. CLUTTON BROCK.

THE newspapers talk about the spirit of the English people, and try to express it; but you learn far more about it if you go canvassing for recruits than if you read any number of newspapers.

I thought when I started that men, especially married men, might resent it; but I have not yet found one who did, nor have I found one who said anything foolish about the war. Those whom I have canvassed do not suppose that we are winning all the while, nor do they suppose that we must win because our cause is good. But they are quite sure that we ought to go on until we do win. They take that for granted and make no speeches about it. Germany is to them a nuisance that must be abated, and they are ready to do their part in abating it. You find a man sitting in his cottage with his wife and children on a Sunday evening, and you feel guilty towards the wife if not towards the man. If she tells him not to enlist, how are you to oppose her? But she does not tell him not to enlist. They both welcome you as if you were a friend come on a visit. You begin to explain about the Prime Minister's pledge to married men and the group system; and they either listen out of politeness or tell you politely that they have read all about it. Then you take out your card and say that you have to ask the man if he will enlist and to write his answer on the back of the card, and often he surprises you by saying at once, "Well, I suppose I shall have to go," and his wife surprises you still more by smiling at you quite cheerfully, although there may be a baby in a cradle close by her. Neither of them makes a speech, nor do they want you to make a speech. There is not a word about patriotism or the crimes of the Germans. Sometimes the wife says that the war is a dreadful thing with so many young men being killed on both sides. One woman thought that they ought to send only the old men out to it. Another said that the German women are

suffering as much as the English, and more. But neither men nor women have any thought of glory or revenge, or increase of power, or any of those things which are supposed to blind nations to the horrors of war. They are not blind to the horrors of war at all, and they have no romantic ideas about it. They are ready to fight in the spirit of the Burghers in Morris' poem:

Across our stubble—across now,
The teams go four and four;
But outworn elders guide the plough,
And we return no more.

That is the spirit of England now, although it is not expressed in poetry; indeed, it is not expressed at all, but taken for granted.

I have always disliked pictures of Britannia with her trident and shield because they are rhetorical, and England cannot be expressed in terms of rhetoric. Rhetoric is a fine thing enough when it comes naturally as with the French and the Italians. They can express all their passion and thought in rhetoric, but we cannot. Our natural eloquence shows itself in understatement rather than in overstatement. It is a curious fact that no one in the present war sings "Rule Britannia!" although it is the song of our sea power. It is very well done; but it is rhetorical both in words and tune, and it does not express us. It says just what we, as the masters of the sea, ought to say; but we have an extreme dislike of saying just what we ought to say on any momentous occasion. It is part of our national perversity, but there is also a better reason for it.

We distrust rhetoric because there is always the contagion of the crowd in it, and we like to do things in cold blood and each one for himself without being subduced by the contagion of the crowd. The English recruit does not wish to be heartened by rhetoric or ceremony. He will listen to

an orator or to any other kind of entertainer and will applaud him for doing his best, but he would rather enlist "without any fuss," because the less fuss there is, the more he is sure that he has enlisted of his own free will and in cold blood. That was what a Frenchman meant when he spoke lately of our proud individualism and when he called it sublime. It is the very essence of our idea of freedom and also his boon. Freedom for us was freedom from the contagion of the crowd; and it is natural to us to resist that contagion even to the point of perversity. In that respect we differ from the Germans more than from any other nation; for they work everything by means of the contagion of the crowd, and to them it is glorious and beautiful as the source of all their strength. To them the Dissenting Englishman is merely a blaspheming egotist; and they do quite honestly despise him just as the Englishman despises them for their sheeplike unanimity.

There is a story about two Yorkshiremen who were discussing the terms to be imposed upon Germany after her defeat. One said that she ought to be driven away from the Rhine; and the other replied: "No, no; we must leave them something to sing about." He meant it kindly, but there was also to him something ridiculous in the thought of a pack of Germans singing about a river. Such a speech would make a German think we were a vilely prosaic nation; yet the Germans have not such poets as we have. And so the chaff of our soldiers seems to the Germans grossly unmilitary and even blasphemous. They must make war with a vast and collective solemnity, for that is the secret of their strength. The crowd's emotion is good to them because it is powerful; but to us it is bad in itself because the individual is lost in it, because he ceases to be himself and to exercise his

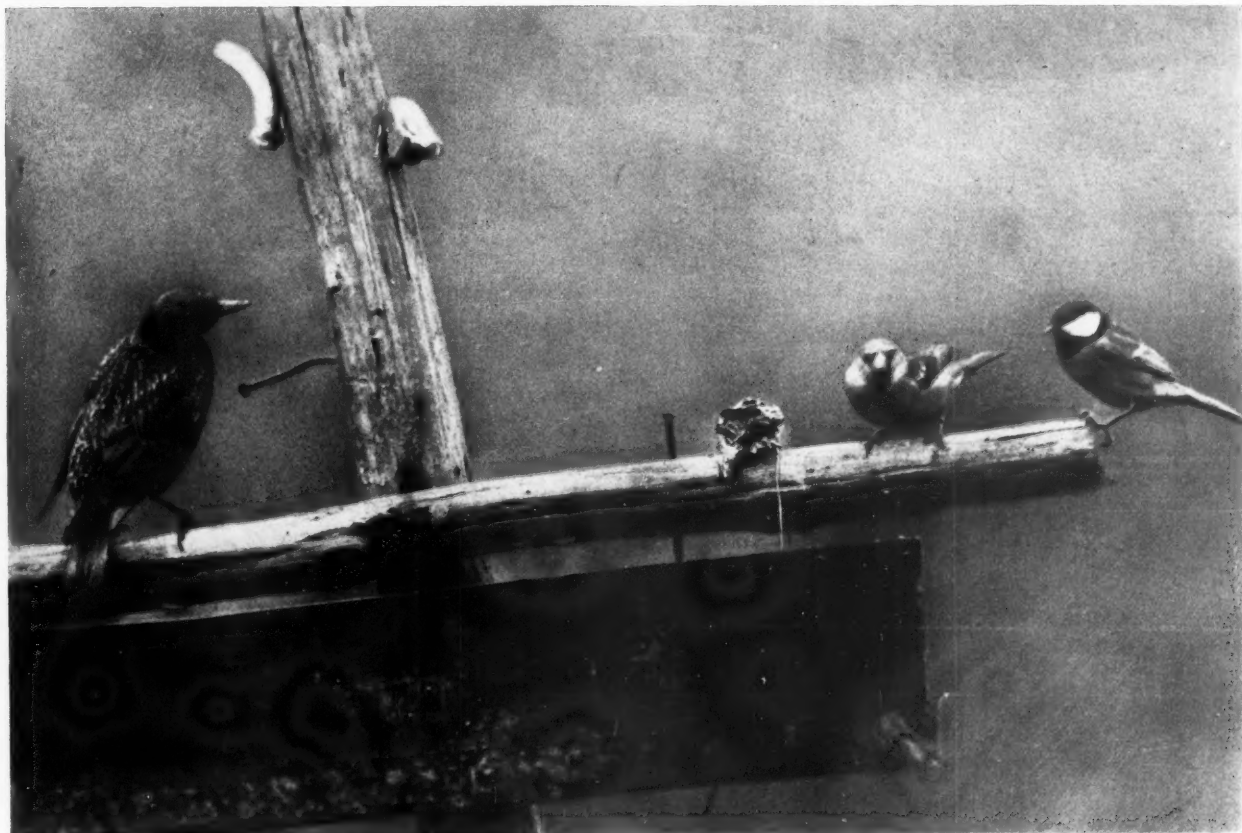
own individual will. That very loss of individuality is to the German salvation; to an Englishman it is—well, the opposite of salvation, and so in the very fury of battle he will assert himself with a joke. Our incessant chaff, which seems so frivolous and profane to the Germans, is our rebellion against the crowd contagion. It is the soldier's way of pouring cold water upon himself, so that he may even fight in cold blood and die in cold blood if need be.

Hence the quarrel between us and Germany is deeper than the quarrel between Germany and any other nation, although we have not such wrongs to avenge as France and Belgium. It is a quarrel between two different instincts, so deep that most Englishmen and Germans are hardly conscious of its ultimate cause. They rail against our coldness, and it enrages them without their knowing why. But the reason is that with the same coldness they would be impotent and incoherent. And there is nothing we dislike about them so much as their enthusiasm to order, because we know that if we were subject to it we should lose our freedom and cease even to be ourselves. When they all shout "Gott Strafe England" together, they are to us like a chorus in an opera, not like a nation of reasonable beings. Their æsthetic weapon against us are Hymns of Hate; ours against them is chaff. But when they supposed that, because we love chaff, we should never fight, they made a mistake. They might as well have supposed, for the same reason, that we could not have any poets. We are quite content that they should sing about the Rhine in their own country; but when they proceeded to sing about it in other countries it was time for us to interfere. That is the English view, put without any rhetoric, but none the less firmly held and fought for.

FEEDING BIRDS IN THE GARDEN IN WINTER.

WINTERS in the South of England are generally so mild that it is only for a very short time that wild birds require any artificial feeding. However, when the supply of food is not plentiful, many will come to partake of choice morsels placed in the garden for them. Much has been written—alas! a great deal of it German—about various methods of feeding birds during the winter, but there is no need for any very elaborate arrangement.

In my own garden I have merely placed a wooden pole vertically in the ground and nailed on to it cross-pieces cut from the branches of trees. To the main trunk pieces of cocoanut, cheese and fat are nailed, while zinc trays of various sizes are fastened with wire to the horizontal branches. In the bottom of these trays holes are pierced so that the rainwater will not accumulate. Two tins to hold seed for the finches I have fastened on to the boughs. In connection with these the sparrows were a great nuisance. Often one cock



COCK SPARROW TO GREAT TIT, "GO AWAY, STRAFE YOU."

*Sparrow*: "HAVE YOU SAID YOUR GRACE, ROBIN?"*Starling*: "H'M, A NICE PIECE OF CHEESE."

would take his stand over a seed tin and remain feeding until he had almost emptied it. The chaffinches and other birds for whose benefit the seed was in reality provided never got much of a chance. Near at hand I have erected my hiding tent and covered it with evergreens, these being kept in place, partly with string and partly by interlacing them with the long stems of rambler roses growing close by. Any scraps from the house placed in the trays will attract many birds. In fact, their numbers seem to depend more on the nature of the weather than on the kind of food provided. To make sure of plenty of birds availing themselves of one's hospitality, food should be supplied regularly. They will then make it part of their daily rounds to visit your feeding table. It is most interesting to watch from such close quarters as the tent the behaviour of the birds as they come to feed. When the weather is mild, starlings, tits of various species, sparrows, chaffinches and robins will come frequently, while blackbirds, thrushes and hedge-sparrows will pick up the scattered bits of food that have fallen to the ground. The latter, however, will not come and feed at the trays, being sufficiently well supplied with their normal diet. During these days starlings take precedence, and the amount of quarrelling and fighting that goes on is truly extraordinary.

For a real glutton give me the starling. One morning I had placed a large quantity of bacon peelings in one of the trays. It was not long before the starlings arrived, and then there was an orgie. Often when they had eaten themselves to a standstill they would sit on one of the branches and keep off any of the

smaller birds who tried to come near. Incapable of eating any more themselves, they were yet determined to prevent others having any. If any of their own species approached they were immediately threatened, and if the latter insisted, a rough and tumble fight in the air always ensued, while both the combatants used terrible language. On more than one occasion a bird got its opponent on its back on the ground, but apart from holding it for a short time in this position, no further chastisement was inflicted. One of the starlings I photographed had a ring placed on its leg, the piece of metal showing clearly in the picture. The tits are very brave, and perhaps the little coal tit, for his size, is most courageous, though he is driven off by his larger brothers. The fact is that, if he is going to get any food at all, he must risk everything and make a dash for some spare place at the tray. He never seems to beat about the bush, but in he dashes, seizes a bit of food, and off he flies with it to a safe place, there to pick it to pieces at his leisure. The tits prefer the cocoanut to all else, and often the tiny coal tit could not find a place untenanted. However, on one occasion, nothing daunted, he flew up to a piece on which a great tit was already feeding, and hanging on beneath his larger relative, managed to have a good, though possibly an uncomfortable, meal. The larger great tits sometimes disputed with the starlings their position on the tray. On the cocoanut one was generally tapping with his beak, keeping at the same time an ever-watchful eye on his neighbours. The redbreast rarely came to be fed while the weather was mild, though the ubiquitous sparrow was seldom absent for any length of time. Chaffinches paid a few visits, but seemed to be very timid, and were always driven off by the other birds.

A. M. C. NICHOLL.



TITS AT LUNCH.



STARLINGS—ONE HAS BEEN RINGED.

SPHAGNUM PICKING.



INDIAN SOLDIERS GATHERING SPHAGNUM.

THERE is a humble little plant which came early upon this earth and remains to-day with widespread persistence. It is quite beautiful in itself and grows amid the most beautiful surroundings. On moorlands and in forests and broad wastes, where gorse is yellow in spring and heather spreads a mantle of purple in late summer—there, in the bogs and wet places, you may find the sphagnum moss near neighbour to the bog asphodel and the feathery cotton-grass. The snipe drums over it in the spring and nests under the bush very near the edge of the bog, and the grey heron rises slowly from the brink of a pool or wild duck get up out of the rushes near by, when some wanderer breaks in upon the solitude of an autumn day. Sometimes it is almost white, but it may vary from a pale pink to a deep red and from a greenish yellow to the colour of aftergrass. This deeper green is deceptive as a pitfall. It appears to offer a firm and solid footing, but is soft as sponge and if you step on it you are lucky to get off with knee-deep. The wild moorland and Forest ponies know it well, but the strange hunter brought from another country gallops into it and meets with a surprise.

This moss has contributed much to the comfort of mankind,

but its greater benefits are generally overlooked and the lesser uses have mostly become obsolete and forgotten. It goes by the familiar name of bog-moss and is also sometimes called peat-moss; for being one of the thirstiest plants that live and a fast grower, it fills the bog unto this appearance of firm solidity, and thus gradually, by growth and decay, uses up the water and forms peat. Without doubt it was a great factor in the formation of our coal measures. So we have to thank it for much warmth, both in the grate of the mansion and on the hearth of the homestead. It has also bestowed some light on the darkness of forgotten folk. The neighbour rush that bends over it, duly dipped in tallow, provided half a yard of wick for the old rushlight, and the sphagnum also has served a similar use and provided the flame for an oil lamp. Its power of absorption is remarkable, but when dry it becomes extremely soft and will stuff a mattress or bed to perfection. It made the warmest of

stuffings, and when the bed became lumpy with use, the moss had only to be wetted and dried again. This use of it is now quite forgotten. By the bye, the cotton grass which sprinkles the bog and looks as if somebody had plucked a white goose and cast its feathers on the moss, was also formerly used



Smith Whiting.

TYING THE MOSS IN SHEETS FOR TRANSPORT.

Copyright.

for bedding. Country maidens in the moorland districts, in expectation of housekeeping, used to collect the white fleecy efflorescence, as they also picked up down when geese ran on the commons, and there are old women still living quite ready to affirm that it made a softer bed than feathers. They called it "down," and used it chiefly for pillows and bolsters. In the dialect, cotton grass is still known by this name. Bog-moss has also been found serviceable for lining clothes, and in Lapland reindeer drivers still wear it in their boots. Being a non-conductor of heat, it is as warm as wool. For this reason people of the North have put it to a charming use. They line their cradles with it, and babes of Icelanders, Lapps and North American Indians lie as warm and snug as little chaffinches in their nests. It is also the moss in which gardeners pack trees and plants, and remains one of the numerous small industries of the gipsies of the New Forest.

But suddenly sphagnum, with its very respectable antiquity and willingness to be useful, finds itself receiving a wide recognition. It is an extremely satisfactory dressing for wounds, and now that the war has made us consider our resources and forced upon us the necessity of making the most of them, it is being sought in many parts of the country. Picnic parties have waded barefoot to gather the soft, cool moss with the enjoyment of sea-side paddlers, and find it cleaner than the sand of the shore. Convalescent Indian soldiers are picking it in the Forest, and school-children from the sweet villages of Brendon and Oare have gathered it by the sack on Exmoor. It can be pulled by hand in the drier places, but the more expeditious way is to drag it from the bog with rakes. On the afternoon on which the accompanying illustrations were taken a party of eleven Indian soldiers collected half a ton in three hours.

The moss requires no difficult preparation—only to be thoroughly dried and cleaned. The property which makes it valuable for surgical purposes is its enormous power of absorption. It can hold nearly seven times its own weight of water, and when thoroughly dry and wrapped in muslin, as a dressing for a septic wound it is even more efficient than cotton-wool. Cotton contains a great deal



CLEANING THE MOSS—A VERY TEDIOUS PROCESS.



SPREADING IT ON SHEETS TO DRY, WHICH TAKES ABOUT A WEEK.



Smith Whiting.

DRYING THE MOSS IN FRAMES.

Copyright.

of oil, and this must all be extracted; whereas sphagnum, being free from fatty substance, is ready for use as gathered. It is, of course, more economical. Thousands of pounds have been spent during the war on cotton-wool, and much may be saved by the use of this familiar moss which lies ready to hand. Much of the water it contains may at once be squeezed out as one wrings out a sponge, but if the quantity of moss be large, a mangle is more expeditious. Further drying than this cannot conveniently be done on the swamp. The moss is carried away in bags to be spread on sheets and dried in the sun, a process as slow as haymaking, and which takes nearly a week. Or on cloudy days it may be set up between two frames of wire-netting that the wind may pass through it, or hung in a hammock in the draught. An old lace curtain makes a useful hammock for the purpose.

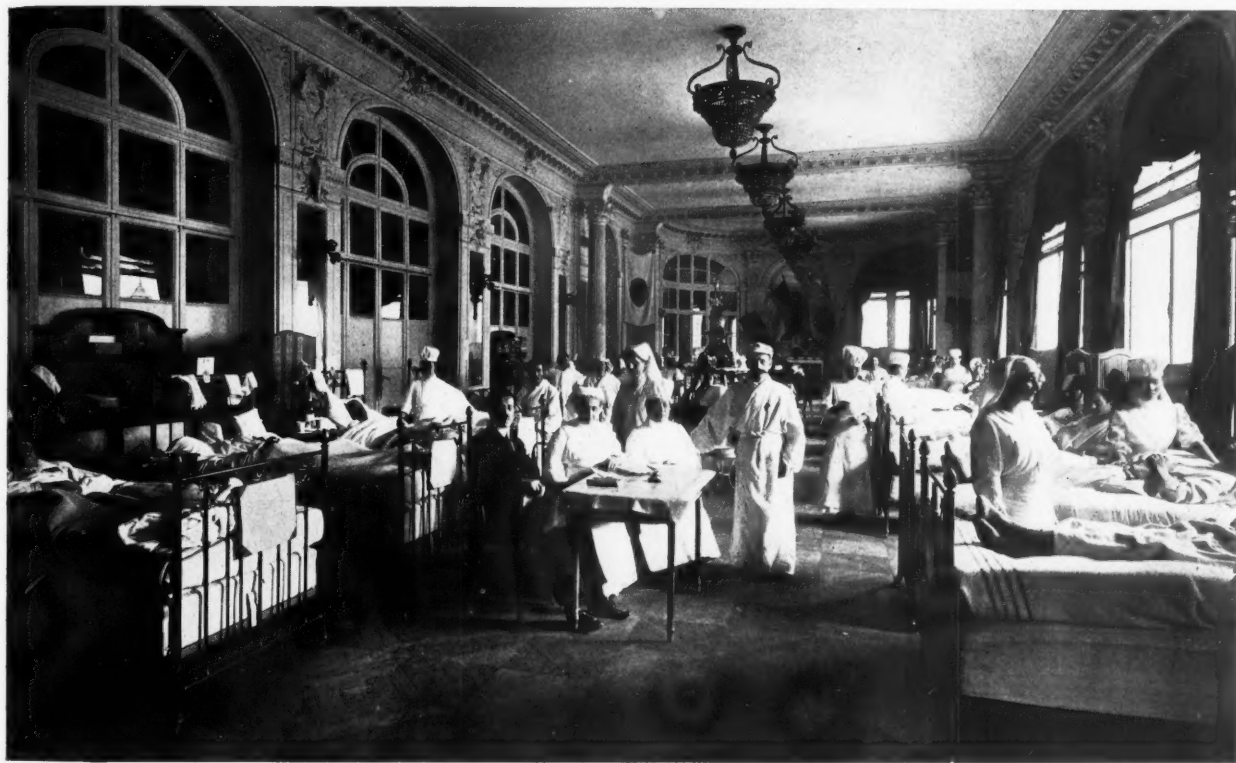
When thoroughly dry the moss must be cleaned. And yet the word "cleaned" is almost an insult; for, although for choice it grows in bogs and swamps, it fills them completely with its soft cushion of many hues. The water with which it is saturated is clean and with no admixture of earth. But last winter's gale brought dead leaves from the silver birch and sharp needles from the pines, to say nothing of twigs of heather and it may be prickles of furze. Other plants and mosses of less merit flourish in wet places. There are stems of asphodel, and last year's rushes turned

brown and dropped into the marsh. All such undesirable growths and extraneous bodies or any hard or sharp substance that might tear the muslin bag of the future dressing must be removed. Cleaning therefore really means this: that the collector must be careful to retain nothing but the moss itself.

Being dry and cleaned the moss may be placed in muslin bags, and convenient sizes for these are 12in. by 6in., 8in. by 4in., and 6in. by 3in. After that they are packed in flannellette bags, each holding twenty of the above sizes. The dimensions of the flannellette bags are 28in. by 18in., 24in. by 18in., and 16in. by 18in. For these dressings there is an unlimited demand by war dressing depôts and hospitals. Or the dried moss may be sent in sacks to the Headquarters of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, 2, Cavendish Square, London, W.

Sphagnum also may be found in drier places and among the stems and roots of heather. In the bogs it is to be raked out in masses, but hardy amateurs who love the open air and do not fear the cold may collect it in the colder months without the disadvantage of wading. The moor or the Forest has great beauty on a mild winter day, and alas! the supply is unlikely to meet the demand until long after the warmer days return to us, for not only is it used in our own military hospitals, but we are sending the dressings abroad, and they have even gone to Serbia.

THE JAPANESE HOSPITAL IN PARIS.



THE GREAT HALL OF THE ASTORIA HOTEL TO-DAY.

"WHEN the East and the West meet, then and not till then is found perfection. Then are the snowflakes of winter turned into the cherry-blossoms of spring."

Whatever the age of the Japanese proverb, it was a prophecy which has already come to pass. Spring and winter are already "in fraternal flower," and the national ethics and aesthetics of Japan have joined forces with the material conditions that govern the Western world.

Those same ethics and aesthetics still prevail in the remoter portions of the islands and have relaxed in the outer districts only to absorb the advantages of modern civilisation. That the later results of this transformation have only occupied the span of a little over half a century is not only an achievement savouring of the miraculous, but might be accepted as an indication of national instability. But those who are acquainted with the inner life of Japan realise full well that the fundamental character of the race is assured by a

national conservatism that finds concrete expression in a number of the forms and traditions relating to the cult of Shinto. And, after all, to know the traditional spirit of a country is to understand its mentality and the meaning of its activities. Whether or not modern Japan, in its rapid transformation, has remained essentially true to its racial tradition, few will deny that recent history compels us to agree that the Japanese mind is not only one of penetrating observation but of marvellous accommodation. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that this power of accommodation was in reality one of assimilation: an espousal of modern conditions without the repudiation of traditional responsibilities. A *tour de force*. The subject is one too vast and subtle to be treated within circumscribed limits. Suffice it to say that Japan stands to-day one of the powers of the world; and whatever the reason that Shintoism is no longer officially proclaimed to be the religion of the State, the spirit it symbolises represents an uncalculated force of traditional

sentiment, of passionate patriotism, that would inflame the entire race in a moment of national danger.

The final metamorphosis of Japan may be described in the extraordinary words of Félicien Challaye, in his "Japon Illustré." . . . "The present colossal transformation is due entirely to the determination of the Japanese to become strong in order to remain free; free to protect their own mode of life and their own process of thought. They have transfigured themselves in order to preserve their beloved customs. Le Japon s'est européanisé pour mieux résister à l'Europe, et pour mieux rester Japonais." A staggering paradox. If the statement is open to doubt as an accurate representation of the motive of the first leaders of New Japan, the sentiment here expressed was probably their subconscious thought, and has doubtless guided the subsequent conduct of their successors. Seventy years ago Japan had not yet seen a modern warship. Fifty years later



MECANO THERAPY.



AN OPERATION BY PROFESSOR SHIHOTA.

she had with her superb navy smashed the Russian fleet in the culminating "Battle of the Sea of Japan." Notwithstanding the law of the feudal government of 1848, which forbade the practice of European medicine in Japan, the Japanese Hospital in Paris is to-day the wonder and admiration of France—its advent an unqualified tribute of Western science to Japanese methods.

By Article XI of the Geneva Convention, which authorised neutrals to afford medical assistance to belligerent countries, Baron Ozawa, Vice-President of the Japanese Red Cross Society, wrote to the Croix Rouge Française offering to instal a hospital in France. The Marquis de Vogué, President of the French Red Cross Association, gratefully accepted the generous offer by letter dated November 25, 1914. In less than a month from the receipt of that communication all was in readiness, and on December 16, 1914, the entire staff, with full outfit, sailed from Tokio. It was then not definitely decided

where the "Ambulance" was to be located, and with true Japanese foresight an equipment for installation behind the "firing line" was included in their paraphernalia. Three prominent surgeons, twenty-five professional nurses, four interpreters, a druggist, and a bacteriologist formed the Samaritan contingent. Arrived on February 5, 1915, it was finally decided that they should instal themselves in the Astoria Hotel on the Champs Elysées, formerly occupied by an English hospital, then in process of moving elsewhere. In ten days, after a reorganisation of the premises (for Japanese methods are founded on somewhat different lines from those of Western countries), the "Hôpital Bénévole Japonais" opened its doors to the suffering world on February 15, 1915, with 150 beds.

Three prominent features strike the hospital visitor: thoroughness (which is the result of a perfect system), scrupulous cleanliness, and an atmosphere of quiet dignity which is as soothing to the sufferer as it is remarkable to a country of Western agitation. Not that the Japanese process of thought and work is less rapid or efficacious, but that, with characteristic order and despatch, all is achieved with the minimum of audible haste.

On the ground floor, formerly the large dining-room of the hotel on the Champs Elysées, is situated the principal



A DRESSING.

ward: two long rows of shining brass beds facing each other at companionable distances. White walls, white ceiling, white coverlets—there is a feeling almost of Easter as one enters the long room. Above are located the smaller wards—also in spotless raiment—which accommodate four, six, eight patients and single rooms for officers. On the third floor are situated the storerooms, laboratory, chemist department, cabinet de radiography et mecanotherapie, and two superb operating rooms—for with admirable precaution the septic and aseptic cases are treated in separate theatres, thereby avoiding all danger of infection. Three separate rooms are set apart to contain dressings, appliances, etc., and their order, cleanliness, and disposition are a delight to the eye. Perhaps the most striking is the cotton-wool department where the packages in blue paper reach from floor to ceiling. It is an uncanny feeling, each time one enters, to realise that so gentle a fabric should include in its composition the ferocious soul of the explosive. An adjoining room is devoted to row upon row of bandages, etc. All—including the bottles and phials in the pharmacy—are labelled in Latin, and below, in corresponding Japanese; for it is a remarkable fact that everything that the hospital contains, including surgical instruments, artificial limbs, medicines, serums, glass, hardware, stationery, etc., etc., all have been brought over from Japan—from soap to surgeons. And according as these diminish in quantity, orders for more are sent to Tokio. The daily report papers at the head of each bed are models of Japanese ingenuity. A special feature are the *feuilles* for each newly arrived case, on which the anatomy and full detailed composition of the human body are illustrated in colours, and on which (upon entry) the location and possible complications of wounds are simply and thoroughly recorded. But perhaps the *tour de force* of the entire hospital, and one that proclaims the summit of Japanese thoroughness, is the large metal boxes, or “canteens,” which were meant to contain surgical instruments, dressings, drugs, etc., in case emergency located the “Ambulance” behind the firing line. These were especially constructed “to resist successfully, in rough handling, a fall of fifteen feet.”

Above this most interesting floor is located the entire staff. Again above, the thirty-six *Infirmiers Militaires*, composed of French soldiers who do all the menial work. Crowning all, and overlooking the Arc de Triomphe (the Hotel Astoria is at the moment notorious for its illegal height—achieved by a German proprietor, now atoning in gaol for his celestial attainment), are installed the twenty-two little Japanese nurses, always at hand day and night to minister to the wounded; and this applies, happily, as well to the resident medical staff. The hospital includes a devotional chapel, where weekly mass is celebrated by a permanent chaplain. A marvellous organisation throughout—the tranquillity, harmony, cheerfulness, courtesy, efficiency of Japan transforming a Champ de Mars into a veritable Champ Elysée.

To assist at an operation by the celebrated Professor Shihota is an experience of exceptional interest. I remember in particular the last occasion: an operation on a “grand blessé” just arrived—a paralysed arm, the result of an old wound long healed. It was the opinion of the eminent surgeon that the loss of power was probably due to a complication with the radial nerve. There were present five Japanese nurses in their immaculate little bonnets, the anæsthetist and her assistant (both French), a medical man recording the time of the operation and the surgeon's remarks, Professor Shihota, and a second surgeon—all in spotless white. Through the great angle bay-window, like a ship's bow “anchored in the blue,” a noonday sun poured in from all sides. The Professor operated without gloves, which gave one the opportunity of watching the small delicate hands in their complicated work.

Twelve-twenty. At first the long incision, its length accurately determined; then the deeper penetration skilfully avoiding nerves, the severed small arteries promptly stopped; at last, the discovery of the large radial nerve “collé à la cicatrice,” as he had exactly surmised—his remarks that day were in French, as the only stranger present was ignorant of the Japanese language. Then the delicate operation of detaching the adhered nerve from the old wound, scraping it, putting it back into position, tying up deftly the severed arteries, sewing up the large incision until the gaping lips assumed the appearance of a long scratch, and all was over. Twelve-fifty.

The accuracy, dexterity, delicacy of touch, the consummate knowledge of the complicated tissues and vessels—a hidden world to the unprofessional eye—the gentleness with the patient, consideration for the nurses, the unruffled

calm; above all, the rapidity without haste. In about two months the paralysed member would regain its movements, and thanks to superb Eastern diagnosis and surgery, France would possess an unexpected asset to her vanishing numbers. A scrupulous washing of hands—no display of words or of importance—and the Professor quietly awaited the next operation: the wounded “brave” already being anæsthetised upon a stretcher in the ante-room.

Since the opening of the hospital 401 cases have passed through their hands. The smallness of the number is due to the fact that most of them were “grands blessés” who were obliged to remain in the hospital for an indefinite period. Of these, 266 have been evacuated as completely recovered. All the surgeons are qualified medical men as well as radiographists; and it is to the inestimable benefit of the helpless wounded, and to the advantage of the French exchequer, that the Japanese principle is, never to amputate until all the resources of untiring study of each case and unsparing treatment are exhausted. The result has been that only six amputations have been performed, and this remarkable result is due to the reason that the “last moment” has been prolonged successfully at every opportunity to avoid any loss of limb. Everything for the patient in the way of distraction and entertainment is carried out, and only yesterday Monsieur Kakow, the courteous and accomplished secretary, was making enquiries about new games, “that would not tax the mental powers and yet be long enough to consume the weary hours of recovery.” A touching example of Japanese intelligence and tenderness of heart.

Of the twenty-two professional nurses installed at the Astoria—all drawn from the sixty Red Cross Hospitals of Japan, which number 3,000 qualified nurses—two are *Infirmières Majors*. Their capacity is admitted on all sides to be of remarkable superiority. Their knowledge of French is sufficient to understand the wounded and make known their symptoms and wishes; and what they lack in conversational fluency they more than make up by a tenderness and devotion that are of supreme satisfaction and benefit to the suffering soldiers. To watch the quickness, discretion and delicacy of those little fingers during a “dressing” is almost to assist at a séance of sleight-of-hand. The happy result is that the poor wounded are affectionately devoted to their nurses. Et c'est tout dire. Another instance of Japanese thoroughness and solicitude is the installation at the hospital of two French *Infirmières Majors* and twenty-five French *Infirmières Volontaires*, to fill the inevitable *lacune* between two different races. Their duties are to oversee the feeding of the patients and to contribute that note of “*atmosphère française*” which the Japanese, in their perfect “*connaissance des choses*,” consider indispensable to the patients. Madame la Baronne Le Lasseur moves about the wards like a ministering angel, a “*trait-d'union*” between France and Japan. One other remarkable feature (there are so many) I had almost forgotten: the dental surgery, where poor disfigured faces are remodelled and shattered pride restored. As the surgeon remarked in answer to a highly merited congratulation: “*Oui, nous arrivons à faire même des sourires.*”

ANTONIO DE NAVARRO.

Paris.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

He wasn't strong and he wasn't brave
And he never had cared for sport;
His mother had made her a willing slave
And his sisters paid him court.

His was never the heart for a fight,
But he bore a stainless name
And he joined, for he knew the cause was right
And for shame and the fear of shame.

“God, have mercy! I dare not yield,”
And God blessed the sacrifice
And he went like a soldier into the field
And he died as a hero dies.

And the doubt that his mother had hid in her breast
And the shadow that doubt had cast
Lay with the dead for ever at rest,
For he had not failed at the last.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

IN THE GARDEN.

NOTES ON GREENHOUSE PRIMULAS.

THERE are to be seen at the present time in No. 4 greenhouse at Kew several flowering plants of the wild original form of *Primula sinensis*. These plants have been raised from seed collected by Mr. E. H. Wilson in China some six or seven years ago. The flowers, pale mauve in colour, are borne in whorls, and occasionally two or three whorls are produced on a stem, as is the case with the cultivated *Primula stellata*. Indeed, this wild type resembles *P. stellata* more closely than the garden form known as *P. sinensis*. Moreover, the wildling refuses to cross with the garden form *P. sinensis*, although the cross has many times been attempted. *P. stellata* has long been regarded as a variety of *P. sinensis*, but it may yet prove to be of an entirely different origin, and there is a great interest in tracing the origin of a garden plant to the wildling from which it came. Happily, there are many seedlings of the wild type at Kew and it is proposed to grow them for several years to note any variations that may arise and to select the most interesting of them. At the present time the seedlings are flowering with remarkable freedom, but they show only slight variation either in colour or form of flower.

from the ordinary type of *P. kewensis*, there is a form with very mealy foliage like that of *P. verticillata*.

***P. malacoides*.**—This dainty little *Primula* is cherished for its delicate lilac-pink flowers in winter and spring. In recent years it has been sent to Covent Garden in quantity, and this may be regarded as evidence of its immense popularity. *P. Forbesii* is somewhat similar, and the two blend well together as cut flowers when lightly arranged in suitable vases. Several plants of either species, if grown in deep, round pans, make a delightful show in winter with their flowers borne tier upon tier in a light and graceful manner. Seeds should be sown in August and germinated in gentle heat. Placed in a cold frame the young plants grow rapidly, sending up their flower-spikes throughout December and the two succeeding months.

***P. obconica*.**—The stems and leaves of this species are covered with fine hairs that are sometimes responsible for an acute irritation or a form of eczema on the backs of the hands and up the arms of those who touch it. Luckily, it does not produce this effect upon everyone, for there are many, like the writer, who may handle this plant with impunity. Were it not for this singular and unpleasant character, *P. obconica* would be far more extensively cultivated, for it is exceedingly



THE WILD FORM OF PRIMULA SINENSIS.

Curiously enough, *P. sinensis* has twice been figured in the "Botanical Magazine," but the illustrations are by no means identical with one another, nor with the plant introduced by Mr. E. H. Wilson.

Primula stellata is an ideal flower for the amateur's greenhouse, yielding lovely colour tones and varied hues from autumn till late spring—a time when flowers are so much appreciated. Its cultivation is not difficult: at the same time a certain amount of care is necessary. The great enemy is damp, with this and all other greenhouse *Primulas* in the winter time, and over-watering must be rigorously guarded against. Damp will also seriously affect the seedlings in the spring, and too much care cannot be given at this critical stage. Another common error is that of applying too much heat. It is not generally known that these flowers may be grown successfully in an unheated greenhouse, so long as they are protected from frost. The cooler the treatment, the brighter and better are the flowers.

***P. Kewensis*.**—This is perhaps the most popular of all the greenhouse *Primulas*, and its origin is interesting. Two species, the Abyssinian *P. verticillata* and the Himalayan *P. floribunda*, were flowering side by side in a greenhouse at Kew. The plants passed out of flower, and after they were removed a few seedlings sprang up among the ashes on the greenhouse staging. The seedlings favoured *P. floribunda* in leafage, but traces of the form and mealy character of *P. verticillata* were apparent. Fortunately, these chance seedlings were saved and potted up, and they proved to be the first plants of the beautiful lemon yellow, sweetly scented *P. kewensis*. For the first few years of its existence this accidental hybrid failed to produce seed, and it had to be propagated by division, which led to deterioration, and the mule plants looked like dying out when one of their number rose to the occasion and produced fertile seed. The resultant seedlings were also fertile, and seed may now be obtained in almost any quantity. Apart

beautiful and easily grown. Its history is traced from the finding of the wild plant in China by Maries in 1879. The flowers of the wildling were pale lilac with a yellow eye. Under cultivation white, carmine and blue varieties have been raised, also double and fimbriated forms. When first introduced, nurserymen were awake to the great possibilities of this species for hybridisation. Many attempts were made to cross it with *P. sinensis*, but all failed. It has many times been pollinated by other species, but it is extremely doubtful if any crosses have been successful. It is frequently stated that *P. obconica gigantea* (syn. *P. Arendsii*) is the result of a cross between *P. obconica* and *P. megaseæfolia*, but the evidence adduced in support of this theory is not sufficiently confirmed by facts to justify its acceptance.

***Primula* Seedlings.**—Although greenhouse *Primulas* resent forcing, it is advisable, with a few exceptions, to sow the seeds in a fairly brisk heat. Seeds of the *stellata* and *sinensis* varieties are best sown in late March in well drained pans containing sweet leaf-mould and sand. Germination is very uneven with all *Primulas*, some of the seeds are up in two weeks while others in the same pans may take two months to germinate. In the case of the large *Primula imperialis*, which is now very little grown, the seed has been known to germinate after remaining dormant for a whole year, while the new *Primula Purdomii* has germinated freely in a cold frame but failed to produce a single seedling when sown in heat.

The compost in which the seeds are sown should be passed through a fine sieve or riddle, placing the coarser parts at the bottom of the pan. The surface should be level and firm, barely covering the seeds with fine soil sifted over the seed pans after sowing. A sheet of glass should be placed over the pan until germination takes place, and since the seeds germinate more readily in the dark than in the light, it is well



A VISTA FROM A LONDON GARDEN.

to cover the pans with sheets of brown paper. As soon as the first seedlings are through, light and air may be gradually admitted, but in view of the uncertain way in which germination takes place, it is advisable to keep the seed pans for some weeks after the first seedlings are pricked off.

With seedlings there are two very important points to bear in mind, one is to avoid overwatering, and the other to keep the young plants as near to the glass as possible, otherwise the leaves and stems become drawn and weakened. C. Q.

A LONDON GARDEN.

THOSE of us whose gardening has to be done within the Metropolitan area flatter ourselves that whatever successes we achieve merit at least twice the commendation of those obtained in places corrupted by neither smoke, nor dust, nor yellow fog. The vegetation of London squares and private gardens, as a whole, has

one or other of these characteristics: If it is healthy, it is depressingly monotonous; if an attempt is made to give it variety, it is as depressingly thin and anæmic. The fact is that, unless special care and study be taken, the number of plants, especially trees and shrubs, that thrive really well in the heart of London is few. In few places have the difficulties that beset the London gardener been so successfully overcome as at Grove House, St. John's Wood, the home of Mr. Sigismund Goetze. Although within three miles of Charing Cross, a great variety of shrubs and herbaceous plants is grown, and there are some really handsome trees. The common Beech, for instance, which is not regarded as a good Londoner, is represented by several trees which would not disgrace the Chiltern country—one of them has a trunk nearly 11 ft. in girth. Elms, of course, are common in the London area, but one does not often see the Maritime Pine so near the Bank. Of flowering trees there are some very healthy "double" Cherries, Rose Acacias, and that charming blue-flowered tree from California, *Ceanothus thyrsiflorus*. Rambling Roses and bush Roses are in great profusion, and thrive amazingly; but more surprising, perhaps, is a good collection of Azaleas and Rhododendrons, robust in aspect and well set with flower buds. The house and garden front stand on a level with the street, but behind the house the grounds slope steeply down to the Regent's Park Canal. Here Mr. Goetze has opened up charming views, some of which, with the canal bending in the distance, suggesting a rural, secluded watercourse far from the madding crowd. The deep cutting for the canal at this place has provided a long slope down to its banks, and here some cunning designer in the past has made a series of walks at different levels, which give a very pleasant diversity of scene. The whole place provides an admirable illustration of how the inherent difficulties of gardening in London may be discounted by care and thoughtfulness. The second picture shows the very interesting old conservatory at Grove House, with Mrs. Goetze, their great Newfoundland and one of the wounded officers who have the free run of these delightful gardens. B.



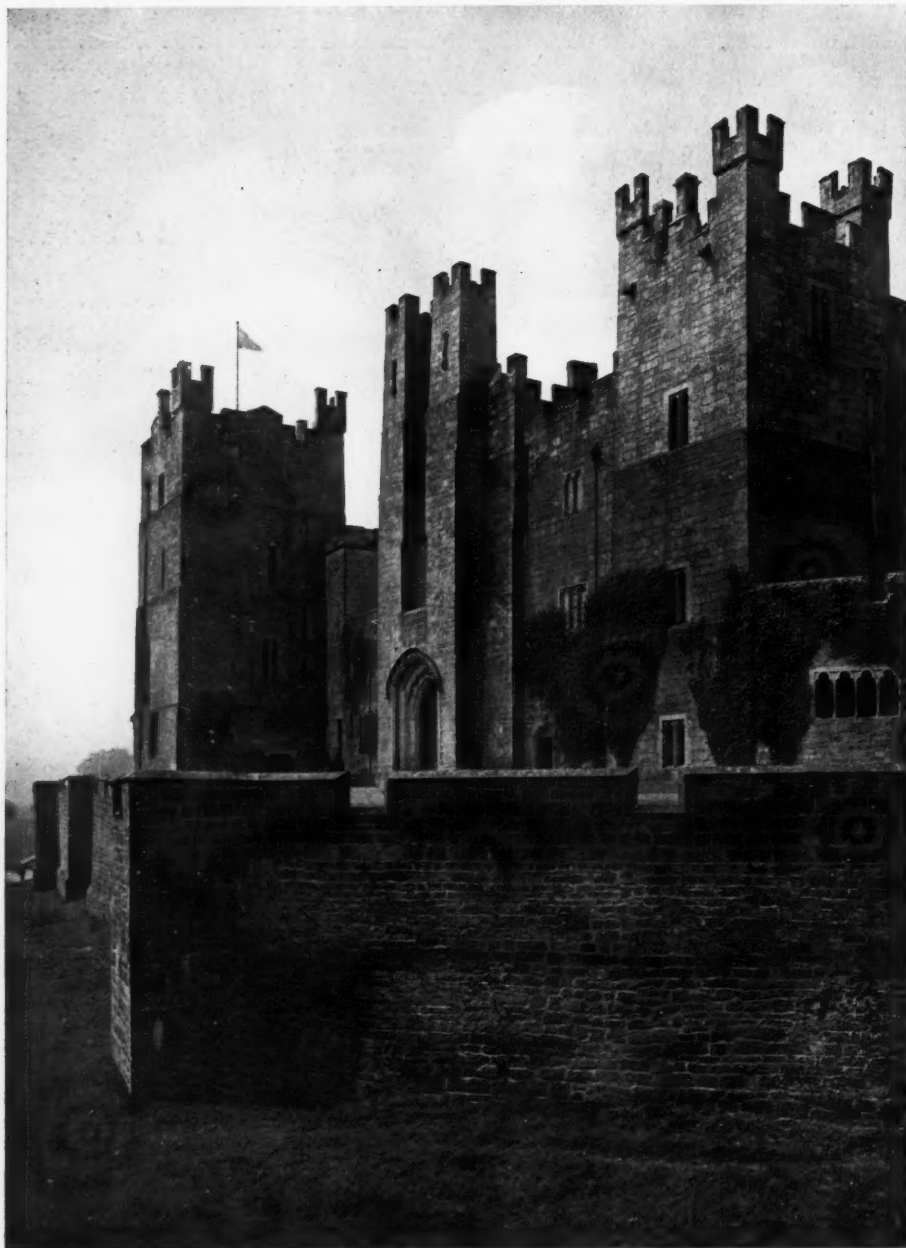
WITHIN THREE MILES OF CHARING CROSS.



FROM 1570 to 1626 Raby was mostly in the hands of the Crown, but in the latter year it was purchased by Sir Henry Vane the Elder. At the time of the death of Ralph, first Earl of Westmorland, his nephew, then Earl of Stafford, but soon to be Duke of Buckingham, had at his castle of Tonbridge a chamberlain named Henry a Vane. This capable Kentish yeoman had equally capable descendants, who, in the sixteenth century, are knights and landowners. The branch that spelt the name Fane was the most successful, for Sir

Thomas Fane, marrying Mary Nevill of the Abergavenny line, mated his son to the heiress of the Mildmays of Ape-
thorpe, and gave him a claim to be granted the Westmorland title when he was made a peer, three years before his cousin, Harry Vane, acquired Raby. Henry's father had died fighting with Henry IV of France when the son was only seven years old. But being, as Lord Clarendon describes him, "of a stirring and boisterous disposition, very industrious and very bold," he soon got on in the world. Obtaining knight-

hood and Court employment, he made himself valuable to King James and King Charles, and under the latter became Privy Councillor and Secretary of State. Moreover, he was of those who knew how to use his Court influence and position to increase their fortune, and his lands, worth at first £450 per annum, swelled to six times that value by the purchase of Fairlawn in Kent and the seigniories of Raby, Barnard Castle and Long Newton in the County of Durham. Fairlawn seems to have been his favourite seat, but when King Charles went to Edinburgh to be crowned in 1633, and again when he advanced as far as Berwick against the Scots in 1639, he was entertained by Vane at Raby, who is said to have employed Inigo Jones there to effect alterations. There is no proof of this, but it is certain that both after the period of Crown tenure and after the Civil Wars extensive renovation must have been necessary. During the latter period it fared badly. After being twice occupied by Royalists, a Parliamentary garrison was established in it, and its owner complains that: "In my losses, plunderings, rents and destructions of timber in my woods I have been damnified to the amount of £16,000 at least." Yet he was then on the Parliament's side. When Wentworth became Earl of Strafford he took the Raby barony as his second title, and this was more than Secretary Vane could stomach. He therefore fell in with the views of his son, the austere puritan and theoretic republican, and their evidence was fatal to the great Earl. Charles was deeply offended and dismissed the elder Vane, who, though now siding against the Crown, took no active share in the strife that followed, and died,



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1.—THE EAST ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the second earl's driving way below the chapel.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE LIBRARY.

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probably at Fairlawn, in 1656. His son, Sir Henry the younger, was a man of great ability and high character. But he was a failure. Living in a period when passions ran high and opinions were in a state of flux, he preferred measures to men, and when opportunism and compromise alone enabled rulers to retain their position, he fixed himself immovably on the bed-rock of his abstract principles, and never swerved from his

determination to "sacrifice all to the divinity of his conscience." In quiet times and with public opinion in sympathy with his views, he might have proved one of England's most honoured and successful statesmen. As it was, he pleased no party in power. He was imprisoned by Cromwell and beheaded by Charles II. There was, however, no forfeiture of estates, which thereupon came to his son Thomas. The palatine rights of the Durham bishops being now greatly curtailed, the county was represented in Parliament. Thomas Vane was returned as one of its first members, but immediately after died of small-pox at Raby Castle. He was succeeded by his last surviving brother, Christopher, whose father's fate seems to have developed in him a faculty for watching which way the wind blew. He was of James II's Privy Council in the year that monarch fell. But William III created him Lord Barnard in 1698. This was not a reward for any active political services, for he is described as a quiet, studious man. But he had large means, not only having inherited



3.—THE SOUTH FRONT AS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

and, in order to spite him, meditated the entire destruction of Raby as being his future home.

If Lady Barnard's nickname of "Old Hell Cat" was deserved, the bitterness of this family feud is accounted for. We hear that in 1714 "of a sudden and in a few days" damage was done to the value of £3,000. Timber was cut, deer destroyed, lead stripped off, floors torn up, and all the movables and furniture sold. Gilbert Vane filed a Bill in Chancery to stop the waste, and the Court ordered Lord Barnard to repair all damage, but how far he obeyed the order does not appear. In his account of Raby Mr. O. S. Scott gives the 1714 sale as a reason why "none of the original furniture of the Castle now remains." But wear and tear must be taken into account, and still more the constant change of taste and fashion which induced successive wealthy owners of Raby to more than once revolutionise the whole interior. Some pieces of furniture, indeed, which, if not placed there by the first Lord Barnard, are of his time, may yet be seen in the great hall. There is a set of

the valuable Durham and Kentish estates, but also having married Lady Elizabeth Holles, co-heir to the Duke of Newcastle. This accession of wealth did not prove to the advantage of Raby and its next owner. Lord Barnard preferred Fairlawn and his younger son, who inherited it and his mother's large fortune. With Gilbert, the elder son, the parents had a fierce quarrel over his marriage with the daughter of Morgan Randyll,



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4.—THE SOUTH FRONT AS ALTERED BY THE SECOND DUKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

chairs (Fig. 6) in walnut wood made about the year when James II called Christopher Wane to his Privy Council. The back is still high, as in the earlier Charles II type, but it has acquired a curve, and the cane panel is replaced by an elaborate and delicately carved splat. Although the upright front stretcher is retained, the cabriole leg is introduced and the C scroll dominates the whole design. A large marqueterie writing table (Fig. 7) has the straight legs ending in the flattened ball and connected with the horizontal diagonal stretchers which obtained under William III. The abolition of stretchers under Queen Anne enabled the cabriole leg to be used for folding card tables, and admirable examples of such made of walnut with needle-work tops are to be found at Raby (Fig. 8). The legs terminate in a ball and claw vigorously handled, while a conventional shell enclosed in scrolls is carved on the knees, above which rise the rounded corners with slightly sunk circles to accommodate the candlesticks. There is tapestry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries hanging on the staircases (Fig. 10), while the library and small drawing-room still have features which may be as early as the period of the Chancery order. The former (Fig. 2) will have been two rooms thrown together perhaps when the present mantelpieces were introduced a century or so ago. But the general impression, as given by its cornice, large panels and doorways, and by the Pannini architectural pieces in their carved frames over the fireplaces, is Early Georgian. The same may be said of the small drawing-room, where we again find one of those compositions which resulted from Giovanni Pannini's study of the classic remnants of Rome, and which were eagerly bought by wealthy Englishmen in George II's time. It is placed over a white marble mantelpiece of the same reign, and Mr. Scott assigns the final get-up of the room to the second Earl of Darlington, who inherited Raby two years before that monarch's death. The mantelpiece faces the windows, while the side walls are mainly occupied with great landscape pieces in carved frames of the period, the one of Belgian scenery by Jaques Artois enhanced, like so many of his works,



5.—THE GREAT HALL AS ALTERED BY THE SECOND DUKE.



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6.—WALNUT CHAIRS. CIRCA 1688.

COUNTRY LIFE.



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7.—MARQUETERIE WRITING TABLE OF WILLIAM III PERIOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with figures by the younger Teniers, the other by Poussin or one of his school.

The second Earl of Darlington who has just been mentioned was grandson of the lady whom the first Lord and Lady Barnard objected to so strongly as a daughter-in-law. Her husband had succeeded to the Barnard barony in 1723, and, like his father, lived a quiet life. But their son, Henry, went early into politics, sitting in the House of Commons for Cornish boroughs until he was sent to represent his own county of Durham. The lucrative office of Paymaster of the Forces was only one means whereby he refilled the family exchequer, depleted by the large share taken by his uncle. He married Lady Grace Fitzroy, a grand-daughter of Charles II by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. The death of her brother at Raby in 1774 left her son heir to the Fitzroy property with some claim to the Cleveland dukedom, which in 1833 was bestowed on her grandson. Her husband

succeeded to Raby and the barony in 1753, but it would seem that many years before Raby had been lent to him as a residence by his father. The date 1729 and the initials H. G. V. (Henry and Grace Vane) occur juxtaposed, and the early Georgian work that survives is likely to have been done by them at that time, for there is no trace of Gilbert Vane having lived there even after he became Lord Barnard. A year after he was succeeded in the barony by his son, the latter was created Earl of Darlington, an honour which he only lived four years to enjoy. His son became second Earl in 1758, and held title and estates till 1792. His alterations at Raby were large and drastic, but not such as we are now prepared to commend. He it was who, in order to be able to drive a carriage through the castle, raised the floor level of the chapel and the great hall by roft. To Hutchinson, who wrote a county history at the close of the eighteenth century, this seemed "the most

judicious and elegant improvement the castle has received in any age," but we deplore that the Earl thus destroyed their mediæval character. What new character he gave them cannot now be said, as they have again been altered almost to the extent of reconstruction. But some idea of what Raby was like under the second Earl may be gathered from John Pennant, who was there in 1772 on his way to Scotland for his second tour. He handed his notes to his friend, Francis Grose, then busy collecting matter and drawings for his "Antiquities of England and Wales," in the first volume of which are the account and plates of Raby alluded to last week. Pennant finds it "an irregular but magnificent pile and of great size." The lower hall has a vaulted ceiling supported by six columns, all of which must have been reconstructed by the second Earl to obtain head-room for the family coach, which has ever since driven right across this hall from the court and thence out under the chapel. Of the upper hall "the roof is flat and made of wood." This was of considerable age, dating probably from the time of the later Nevills, whose Saltire was still ornamenting the centre of its cambered beams when it was pulled down seventy years ago. Pennant tells us how in the breakfast-room "modernisation" had caused semicircles to be



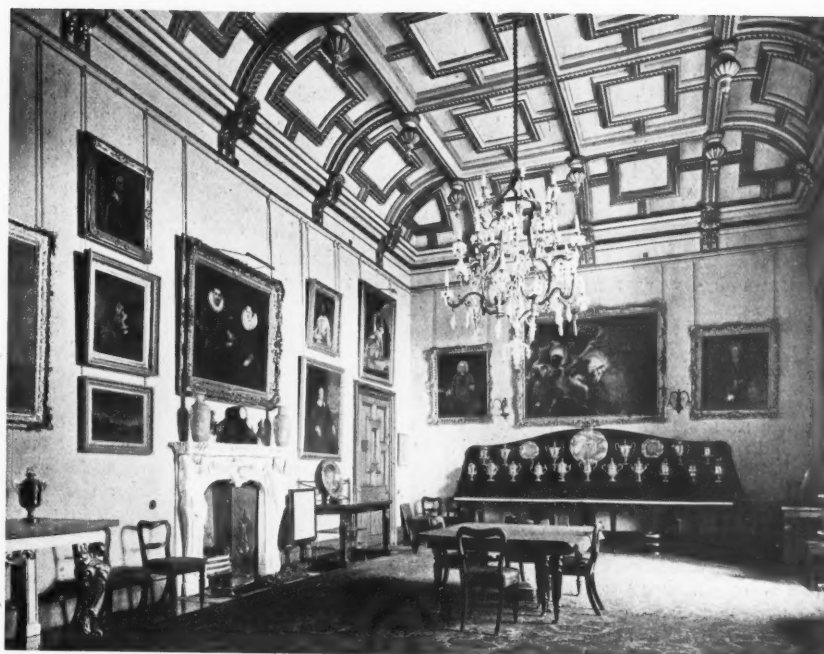
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8.—QUEEN ANNE WALNUT CARD TABLE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

"scooped out, I may say, of the walls, which are 9 feet 1 inch thick: a window is in each of these. I saw also a recess for a bed, gained out of the wall, and several other conveniences and communications quarried out of it; and in some places pillars are left, as in collieries, to support the roof."

The oil picture (Fig. 3) of the south elevation, which hangs on the main staircase, must date some time before Pennant's visit, for there is a sash-windowed building connecting the hall with Bulmer's Tower, whereas Pennant tells us that he found the tower quite detached owing to "some part having been burned." The removal of the Barbican and other mediaeval structures and enclosures had produced "a fine parade going quite round the Castle" as we have it now, and already the water was mostly confined to the south side.

No considerable changes were made by the second Earl's son, who obtained the strawberry leaves in 1833 as a reward for his services in supporting the passage of the Reform Bill, and thus became first Duke of Cleveland. His heart was with his hounds—he was Master of the Raby pack for over half a century—and with his racehorses, his great success with which is evidenced by the innumerable silver-gilt cups



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9.—THE SECOND DUKE'S DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which still load the dining-room sideboard (Fig. 9). So deep and capable was his management of his stud that after his death "Sylvanus" described him as "a very



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10.—TAPESTRY ON A STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Jesuit of the Ring and the Confucius of gambling in all its branches." Shortly after his death in 1842 his eldest son, the second Duke of Cleveland, employed William Burn to remodel the Castle. Trained in Smirke's classic office, he set up for himself in Edinburgh, but soon got so large a practice south as well as north of the border that he moved to London in 1844, the very year that he began operations at Raby in what he thought a Gothic manner. The sash windows and other exterior Renaissance features were replaced by others of Edwardian type, more or less copied from the few original ones that had survived. But further accommodation was needed, and the south front put on its present appearance (Fig. 4). On to the old south end of the hall, as seen in the eighteenth century picture, was built a great octagon forming a new drawing-room on the ground floor and making a 52ft. long addition to the great hall above (Fig. 5). He blocked up the eastern windows of the hall and condemning the old roof as "showing signs of decay," replaced it by one of his own design as seen in the illustration, which also shows the half buried remnants of the old stone screen with a new doorway breaking through it.

The contents of the hall are much to be preferred to its structure. Here, in the foreground, may be seen the pieces of furniture already described, while over Burn's new fireplace (where once a window stood) hangs Hoppner's full-length of Elizabeth Russell, the first Duke's second wife. The walls are lined with an interesting collection of family portraits from Sir Henry Vane the elder down to his living

descendant, the present Lord Barnard. But the artistic honours must be divided between the Hoppner and Sir Joshua's admirable canvas of Captain Raby Vane, one of the first Earl of Darlington's sons.

The space between the extended hall and Bulmer's Tower was filled in with a new dining-room (Fig. 9), imitative of various styles, but essentially of Burn, and not a sympathetic setting for the very fine Georgian marble mantelpiece, no doubt dating from the second Earl's alterations and brought from one of the State Rooms in Clifford's tower. Here, again, we are met with pictures of great excellence. There is a Sir Henry the Elder by Mierevelt, an Alexander Pope by Kneller, and a Lady Darlington by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Rembrandt and Gerard Dou represent the Dutch School, while it is uncertain whether the large piece above the fireplace represents Jakob Jordaens and his wife by Rubens, or Snyders and his wife by Van Dyck, but the colouring and treatment make the latter probable.

Burn wrought his will upon the ancient Castle from 1844 to 1848, and since then nothing of great importance has been done. The second Duke was succeeded by two brothers in turn. With the death of the last of them in 1891 not only the Dukedom, but also the Earldom, came to an end. For a male successor it was necessary to go back to Gilbert, second Lord Barnard, whose younger son, Morgan, is ancestor to the present baron. Lord Barnard takes a most intelligent interest in his splendid house, and has added many touches that enhance its picturesque charm and its architectural value.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

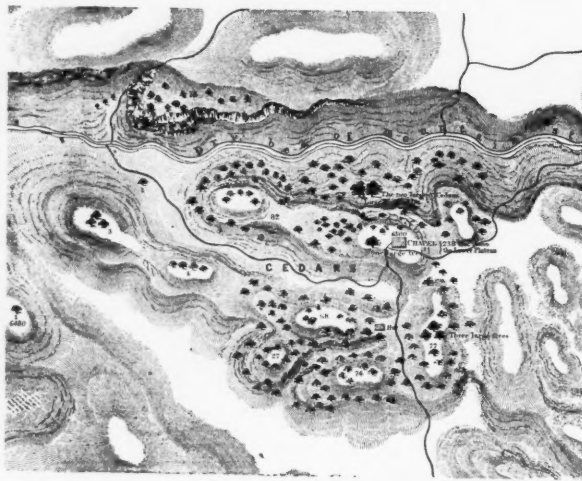
AGE OF THE CEDARS OF MOUNT LEBANON.

BY PROFESSOR AUGUSTINE HENRY.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY, in his letter of October 9th, throws doubt on the claim of great age for some of the cedars still existing on Mount Lebanon. It will be interesting to approach the problem of the age of those trees in two ways, one historical, the other based on actual count of the annual rings that are visible in sections of their stems. In the first place, there is historical evidence to prove that the grove of cedars, which is near the village of Bsherreh, has been celebrated for centuries. This grove, which belongs to the Maronite patriarch, consists now of a few giant trees, and of a considerable number of smaller trees, evidently of a much later generation. Belon, a French traveller, who visited Mount Lebanon in 1550, states that the old trees were twenty-eight in number; and "these the Archbishop of Damascus has endeavoured to prove to be the same that Solomon planted with his own hands in the quincunx manner, as they now stand." In the course of the 350 years that have elapsed since Belon's visit, the number of the larger trees, to which great age was attributed by tradition, has gradually become less and less; and the slowness of their decay and disappearance confirms the belief that they were already of great age in 1550. They were, in fact, a sacred grove, probably dating from ancient times, as at that date, under their shade on the eve of the Transfiguration of our Saviour, the Maronite fathers and numerous pilgrims spent the night in dancing a kind of Pyrrhic dance, in singing and in feasting; and on the following day the patriarch celebrated high mass on an altar built under one of the largest and oldest cedars. This festival was called "The Feast of Cedars." The fact that the grove was sacred no doubt accounts in part for the preservation of the old trees through centuries. In Belon's time the Maronite patriarch threatened with excommunication anyone who would injure the cedars. Those which were blown down or fell

from decay were utilised by the monks of the neighbouring monasteries.

Rauwolf, the next traveller to visit the grove, in 1574 saw twenty-six great cedars "with strong stems that were several fathoms about." Thévenot made the number of the old cedars to be twenty-three in 1653. Maundrell, in his "Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem" in 1696, says: "These noble trees grow amongst the snow, near the highest part of Libanus. Here are some very old and of a prodigious bulk; and others younger, of a smaller size. Of the former I could reckon up only sixteen; the latter are very numerous. I measured one of the largest and found it 12 yards 6 inches (36½ feet) in girth, and yet sound." Dr. Pococke, who visited the Lebanon in 1744, found fifteen large trees standing, and one that had been blown down by the wind. The tree with the roundest stem, though not the largest, measured 24ft. in girth; and another, with a triple stem, was triangular in section and measured 12ft. on each side. The festival was celebrated in Dr. Pococke's time. I shall omit the accounts of other travellers, as these may be seen in Loudon's "Arboretum," Vol. IV, p. 2410, and quote M. Laure, who visited the grove in 1836: "Fifteen of the sixteen old trees mentioned by Maundrell are still alive, but are all more or less in a state of decay. One of them is remarkable for three immense trunks. Another, one of the



SHOWING HOW THE CEDARS ARE GROUPED.

The figures indicate the number of trees in each group; those in italics the height above sea level.

healthiest of the old trees, though perhaps the smallest, measured 33ft. French (35ft. 9in. English) in circumference."

Sir Joseph Hooker carefully examined the Lebanon grove of cedars in 1860, which then comprised 398 trees, scattered over three or four acres in nine clumps. Of these, there were fifteen trees much larger than the others; and their size and proximity to the Maronite chapel indicated that they were the survivors of the twenty-eight old cedars described by Belon in 1550. During the intervening 310 years we have the testimony

of successive travellers to the gradual disappearance of thirteen of the original number. The fifteen large cedars were measured by Hooker as follows: two, each with a trunk 13ft. in diameter; one each of 12ft., 11ft., 10ft., 9ft., 8ft. and 6ft. diameter; two, each of 7ft. diameter; and five each of 5ft. diameter.

M. Gadeau de Kerville, the author of a remarkable book concerning the old trees of Normandy, and therefore a competent observer, visited Lebanon in 1908, and says: "The very large cedars, unhappily in a state of decay, are far from having the enormous dimensions attributed to them by certain authors.

Some specimens are indeed immense, but these have diverging branches coming off the trunk at a very low point, so that the measurement taken at 3ft. above the ground is not the real girth of the stem, but the circumference of the stem and branches. Such measurements are inaccurate, and do not give a true idea of the real size of the trunk."

M. Gadeau de Kerville measured the four largest cedars in the grove, which had trunks free of branches near the base, and found their girths, taken at 3ft. 3in. above the ground, to be 22ft. 7in., 21ft. 7in., 21ft. 1in. and 18ft. 4in., which correspond to diameters of 7ft. 2in., 6ft. 10in., 6ft. 8in. and 5ft. 10in.

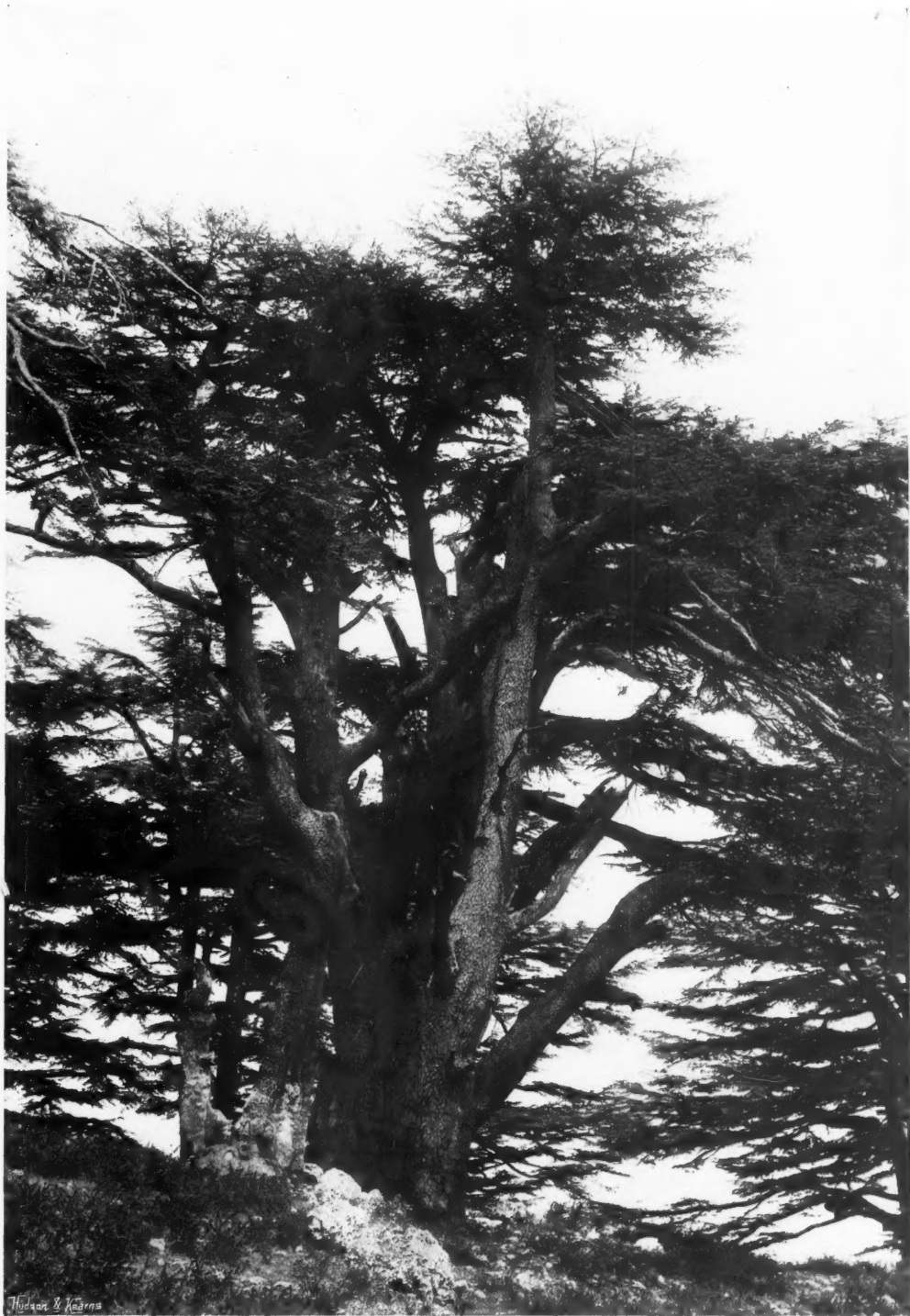
It is difficult to reconcile this recent account of the cedars on Lebanon with that given by Hooker in 1860, unless some of the largest trees have disappeared meanwhile. It is unfortunate, however, that M. Gadeau de Kerville, not having access to Hooker's measurements, was unable to trace the different large trees measured in 1860, and unluckily did not measure, even at ground level, the cedars that he admits to be enormous, but which he describes as branching at the base.

With regard to the age of the old cedars, Hooker attempted an estimate as follows: He counted 140 annual rings on a section 8in. in diameter, that was cut off a branch from near the base of an

old tree. On this basis, viz., 210 rings to a foot of diameter, he considered that the largest tree, 13ft. in diameter, might be 2,500 years old. It is evident, however, that the growth of such a branch must differ considerably from that of a stem; and his estimate of the age of the cedars, as he admits, was "no doubt widely far from the mark."

In the Timber Museum at Kew there is a section of cedar brought home from the Lebanon by Mr. Cyril C. Graham. This section, cut from a stem at some height above the ground,

affords a fair criterion of the rate of growth of this species on Mount Lebanon during the early part of the life of the tree. This section is 20in. to 23in. in diameter, and shows about 235 annual rings, their width varying more or less with the age at which the rings were formed. The annual rings near the centre, formed when the tree was young, are about 1-10in. wide; while those in the outer part of the heartwood, formed when the tree was 160 years old, are much narrower, being scarcely 1-60in. Their average width over the whole section is 1-20in. As a rule, the older a tree is, the narrower is the



KING SOLOMON'S CEDARS.

annual ring. This rule is borne out by the elaborate investigations which have been made by Professor Huntington on the growth of the giant sequoias in California. These trees up to 350 years old form annual rings averaging 1-10in. to 1-12in. in width; between 350 and 750 years, 1-16in. to 1-25in.; between 750 and 1,450 years, 1-25in. to 1-30in.; after which they diminish very slowly, being 1-36in. at 2,500 years old.

Assuming that the cedars on Lebanon attain, like the specimen brought home by Mr. Graham, 2ft. in diameter at



LEBANON CEDAR AT LANGLEY PARK.
The spread of this Cedar is almost unequalled in England.



CEDARS AT WILTON HOUSE, SALISBURY.

about 250 years old; and that they afterwards grow at the rate of 1-30in. in width per annum, a tree 8ft. in diameter would be 1,330 years old; and one 13ft. in diameter, about 2,230 years old. The tree 8ft. in diameter has a radius of 4ft., of which the innermost foot is made up of 250 rings; and the outer 3ft., as there are supposed to be 30 rings in each inch, of $36 \times 30 = 1,080$ rings, making 1,330 rings in all. By a similar calculation we obtain 2,230 years for the tree of 13ft. diameter or 6½ft. radius. If the trees, however, grew at a slower rate, as is possible, their age might be even greater.

As a check on the dimensions of Mr. Graham's Lebanon specimen, I may mention that in the forest of Belezma in Algeria, which I visited in 1907, cedars 255 years old averaged 4ft. 3in. in diameter, about double the rate of growth on Lebanon, which is explained by the superior conditions of soil and climate in the Algerian forest. The extremely slow growth of the cedars in the isolated grove on Mount Lebanon is due to the very poor calcareous soil in which they stand, and to the high altitude—over 6,000ft.—which makes the growing season extremely brief, the snows rarely quitting the basin of the cedars before the end of July or the beginning of August.

Cedars growing in England in good soil at elevations little above sea-level, and enjoying our moist, genial climate and a long growing season, make very wide rings annually, and speedily attain great dimensions. This is well illustrated by contrasting the cedar (see Elwes and Henry, "Trees of Great Britain," Vol. III, page 459) cut down in 1874 at Wilton House, Salisbury, which had attained 11ft. 9in. in diameter at 236 years old, with the specimen from the grove on Lebanon of exactly the same age which only made 1ft. 10in. in diameter. Of the grand old cedars still flourishing at Wilton House, concerning which Mr. W. Gardiner gave some interesting details in his letter (page 630), the largest, measured by Mr. Elwes in 1903, was 21ft. in girth, and may not be of the same age as the veteran that was felled in 1874. There is considerable confusion in the traditional records of the early planting of cedars in England, due to the fact that both Dr. Edward Pocock, chaplain at Aleppo in 1629, and at Constantinople in subsequent years, and Dr. Richard Pococke, who travelled in the East during 1737 to 1742, brought home seed of the Lebanon cedar. There appears to be no reason to doubt that the remarkable old cedar at Childrey Rectory, near Wantage, the history of which was given by Mr. C. J. Cornish in COUNTRY LIFE, May 2nd, 1903, was planted by Dr. Edward Pococke, who, after his return from Constantinople, was appointed to the living of Childrey in 1642. At Kew the growth is very fast, as a section of one cut down there, which is preserved in the museum, shows 113 annual rings and is 4ft. 5in. in diameter. Some of the rings on this section are ¾in. in width.

The following description of the famous grove, written by Commander Mansell, R.N., in 1861, gives a good picture of the scene:

"The first appearance of the cedars is grand in the extreme. No other tree is visible near them. They stand in noble solitude, a dark speck in the centre of a great basin, whose sides rise steep and precipitous to a height between 2,000ft. and 3,000ft. The position of the grove is very remarkable. It forms the centre of the basin, with a plateau below, cultivated with corn, and another above, between it and the great ridge.

"The moraines or hillocks, seven in number, on which the cedars stand, appear to have been formed by *débris* and immense boulders from the adjacent edges of Mount Lebanon, brought down by avalanches or broken off by storm and tempest. These ridges form a perfect basin, barren and devoid of all verdure, save the prickly astragalus bush, which attains a considerable size and exudes gum during summer.

"The space occupied by the trees, 389 in number, is small, forming seven mounds on the south side of a watercourse (now dry). Fifteen scattered trees of considerable size have sprung up on the northern ridge; but they appear more stunted and broken than the others.

"Each winter great branches are broken off the older trees by the snows. The trunks or main stems of these trees appear in most instances compact and solid; and if we may judge from one which was lying prostrate, having been blown down two years since, and which was being sawn into planks by the monks of an adjacent monastery, are still in a state of good preservation, close-grained, very sound, and of a light straw colour.

"On the highest and most central mound a small chapel has been built; and at certain seasons the peasants resort here, Mass is celebrated, children are christened, and marriages take

place. On these occasions at night the grove is lighted up with numerous fires and lamps.

"During our stay we were fortunate to witness the Fête of the Transfiguration. The chapel mound is 238ft. above the lower plateau; and on its western slope stand the two largest trees, measuring 46ft. in circumference and apparently in a sound state. Near lies an immense boulder, measuring 20ft. long, 14ft. broad, and 6½ft. thick. On this mound are 82 trees. These and the 77 trees on the mound immediately to the south seem of an earlier date than the others. One has been hollowed out, where a hermit is said to have lived many years. Occasionally young trees are found growing between the great branches of the older ones, where a soil composed of decayed cones and leaves furnishes sufficient nourishment for their support; but it is extremely rare to find any on the mounds. Whether it is the heat of the summer or the goats which destroy them before they attain any size, I could not discover. The names of many travellers who have visited the interesting spot are cut on the largest trees; and in some instances the bark, which is very thick, has grown over and partly obliterated them."

Sir Joseph Hooker's notes and exact measurements of the different trees are given in "Woods and Forests," May 7th, 1884, page 328, and should be consulted by any traveller proceeding to visit the grove on Mount Lebanon, as it would be very interesting to determine exactly how many of the very old trees still survive.

A BOOK OF ELEGIES.

Poems, by Elinor Jenkins. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

MISS ELINOR JENKINS makes a first appearance in this little book, which is made up of some forty little poems of loss and regret. The initials attached to some suggest that they concern personal losses, and the others have all the similitude of having been inspired by incidents well within the writer's knowledge. One, at least, laments the death of a well-known young man, Rupert Brooke. Miss Jenkins writes invariably with the taste, feeling and imagination of a highly cultivated mind. It would, perhaps, have been better if she had followed the example of Lord Tennyson and used a more personal note throughout. The personal note is particularly adapted to the elegiac type of verse. Yet, if we look back at that poignant poetry which death has called forth, we find great variety of form. The human heart in affliction seems to find a natural expression in rhyme. Some of the folk ballads of an earlier day, such as "The Border Widow," seem to be nothing but the cry of an individual; others, again, are the wail of all humanity. We should judge from Miss Jenkins' work that she is well read in this and, indeed, in many other kinds of literature, and she has known how to marry sincerity of feeling with beauty of form. That this praise is not unmerited will, we think, be evident from a few of the extracts. The most striking piece in the volume is the one called, "Farewells à la Mode."

The limbs she bore and cherished tenderly,
And rocked against her heart, with loving fears,
Through helpless infancy that all endears,
Upon the verge of manhood's empery,
Were fostered for this cruel end, and she
Kneeling beside him, looks through blinding tears
Down the long vista of the lonely years,
Void of all light, drear as eternity.

But her young son, who knows not that he dies,
Gives good-night lightly, on the utmost brink,
And, anguish overmastered for her sake,
Says smiling with stiff lips and death-dimmed eyes,
"Why, Mother, if you kiss me so, I'll think
You'll not be here to-morrow, when I wake."

This is the very voice of the gallant young English officer. From the requiem of H. S. T. we take the following:

Now he is safe from any further ill,
Nor toils in peril while at ease we sit,
Yet bides our loss in thinking of him still,—
Of sombre eyes, by sudden laughter lit,
Darkened till all the eternal stars shall wane;
And lost the incommunicable lore
Of cunning fingers ne'er to limp again
And restless hands at rest for ever more.

A piece of exquisite writing.

This notice would be very incomplete if it contained no reference to the strong note, which finds expression in the prayer,

Oh Lord of Hosts, no hallowed prayer we bring,
Here for Thy grace is no importuning,
No room for those that will not strive nor cry
When lovingkindness with our dead lies slain:
Give us our fathers' heathen hearts again.
Valour to dare, and fortitude to die.

Nothing is more certain than that war in what we have been taught to consider the most civilised age, calls for the very same stern, hard, enduring qualities that it demanded when Hector defended the walls of Troy. It is a sad reflection that the weapons produced by modern ingenuity are more cruel than the most inhuman tortures of the savage.

WHAT KENT HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—II.

KENT is so situated that ever since England has existed it has been the county in which the making of history has been largely carried on. Possessed of all the nearest ports, her ancient and modern highways have ever held a unique advantage of the shortest route from the Straits of Dover to London and beyond, and to-day as in times past she keeps watch and ward across the narrow seas. And Kent is not only on the high-road of communication between France and the South of England; in Canterbury Cathedral to-day there hang the blue and silver of the Canadian standards, as well as the memorials of the Buffs which have so long drooped above the monuments in the Warriors' Chapel—a curious coincidence, for the Buffs and the Canadians were together in the spring battle of Ypres.

It is a feature of the long history of the Buffs—the second in point of seniority among the line regiments and Territorials being the East Kent Regiment—that it has always been in the thick of the fighting; and in this war the Buffs have carried on their splendid traditions at Hooge and at Ypres in the spring and autumn. The 1st Battalion, which was in the 16th Brigade of Major-General Keir's 6th Division, reached the Aisne last September, and was in General Pulteney's 3rd Corps at Armentières

all round, so we extended and took cover behind a hedge. But we were no good there; it was a case of getting right on," and they advanced in short rushes over an almost flat stretch of ground through a storm of bullets.

A Canadian officer tells of the coolness of a young officer of the Buffs who ran ahead of his men over a bare stretch of ground, swinging his cane, and calling out, "Come on, boys; come on, Buffs," as unconcerned as if he were taking them to a football match. Of the two hundred men he led, ten fell, and many were wounded before the patch was crossed. One company of the Buffs sent to support the Canadian 3rd Brigade was altogether destroyed, and the gallant commander of "Geddes' detachment" was killed by a shell on April 26th at the headquarters of the 13th Brigade. For four days the Buffs clung on to the trenches they had been told to hold; then they were moved to another position, where they again lost heavily in holding it. Their Divisional General gave the Buffs—the East Kent Regiment—the splendid praise that they had behaved as "men of Kent" and as he would have expected them to behave; and the traditions of the historic regiment have been gallantly upheld in this September advance at Loos and Hulluch, where fell two commanding officers of the Buffs, Lieutenant-Colonel Claude Arthur Worthington and Colonel



MAJOR A. H. WATKINS GRUBB, D.S.O.

Mentioned in despatches.



LIEUT. G. LEIGH PEMBERTON.

Killed in action.



MAJOR AUBREY BUCKINGHAM.

Who fell at Hooge.

in October. In November, near Ypres, they lost more than three hundred men in two days, and as one of the men wrote home, "our regiment has broken all records by holding and being in the trenches for over a month at a stretch—thirty-six days altogether. It has been like hell's play," he adds, "especially while we were defending the position. Our platoon was charged several times by the Germans, but we sent them back with our compliments again and again. I split my bayonet in two trying to get it out in time to catch another one."

The 2nd Battalion joined the forces in France and Flanders in January, as part of the 85th Brigade of the 28th Division of Sir Herbert Plumer's 5th Corps. When, on the evening of April 22nd, the Germans broke through the French line near Ypres by their gas attack, the Buffs were among the five battalions, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Geddes, hurriedly sent to fill the gap between the Canadians near St. Julien and Boesinghe in the small hours of the 23rd. The Buffs, who had been out all night, were returning "almost walking in their sleep." "We had not marched far," wrote an officer, "before we came under rifle fire, just enough to wake us up. After that our men began to drop

Frederick Charles Romer. Among the deeds of what in the official language of the awards for distinguished service is described as "conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty" in the advance, that of a young officer of the 2nd Buffs, Second-Lieutenant William T. Williams, is memorable. Near Fosse 8, at Bethune, he took charge of a party of bombers, and during seventeen and a half hours he and his party threw close on 2,000 bombs. It was raining nearly all the time, and the damp fuses had to be lit from cigarettes, and after a time Second-Lieutenant Williams was wounded, but he refused to leave his post, and it was due to the bravery of himself and his little party that the trench was held.

A feature of East Kent, with its long coast line "exposed," in the words of the address of the county of Kent more than a century ago, "to the assaults of the foe and forming as it were the advanced guard of His Majesty's subjects," is the number of its sailors who have won distinction in the war; among them Commander Laurence, who commanded the first submarine to enter the Baltic; Commander Reginald Norton, a survivor of the disaster to the Hogue; and Commander Max Kennedy Horton. This officer with the submarine E9 sank the German light cruiser Hela in wild weather



COMMANDER MAX HORTON.

Sank a German light cruiser and a destroyer.



CAPTAIN AMYAS BORTON.

Who won the D.S.O. for a fine flying reconnaissance.



COMMANDER REGINALD NORTON.

Now in command of the Caronia.

between the Frisian coast and Heligoland, and also the German torpedo-boat destroyer S126 while running at high speed off the River Ems, and has lately been doing good work in the Baltic.

Among the "Men of Kent"—those born east and south of the Medway—who are serving are Colonel Cornwallis of Linton Park, who rejoined the 2/1st West Kent Yeomanry as a major, and his three sons: Lieutenant Fiennes Cornwallis, who is in the 17th Lancers, Lieutenant Stanley Cornwallis of the Scots Greys, who was wounded early in the war, and Sub-Lieutenant Oswald Cornwallis, who is in the Navy. Sir Robert Filmer of East Sutton Park has rejoined the Grenadier Guards; and two sons of Mr. R. D. de Uphaugh of Hollingbourne House are serving in the 5th Royal Fusiliers, Second-Lieutenant R. G. de Uphaugh, who has been wounded, and Lieutenant F. E. B. de Uphaugh. Two sons of Major L. E. Bligh are serving, Lieutenant Jack Bligh of the Royal Field Artillery, who was wounded at Hooe in July, and Mr. Algernon Bligh, who is serving as a private in the 3rd Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. Four sons of Mr. R. J. Balston of Springfield are serving their country, Major G. R. Balston in the Royal Field Artillery, Captain

C. H. Balston, who is in the Dardanelles with the East Kent Yeomanry, Captain F. W. Balston in the Army Service Corps, and Mr. M. E. Balston, who is a scoutmaster. Three sons of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Grubb of Elsfield House are with the Colours, Major A. H. Watkins Grubb, D.S.O., who has been mentioned in despatches, and is now in charge of a signal company in France; Major Herbert Watkins Grubb of the Border Regiment, D.A.A.Q.M.G. of a Division at the front; and Lieutenant-Commander Reginald Watkins Grubb, who is in command of a destroyer. Another son, Lieutenant-Commander Walter Watkins Grubb, who was gunnery lieutenant on the Cressy, lost his life when that ship was torpedoed and sunk. Among the many distinguished sailors in East Kent is Commander Reginald Arthur Norton, son of Mr. Robert Norton of Downs House, Yalding, who was, like Lieutenant-Commander Grubb, with the ill-fated three Cressys that were sunk in September, 1914. Commander Norton was second in command of the Hogue and behaved with great gallantry in the disaster. There was no disorder, and Commander Norton with several others clung to a spar until they were picked up by a cutter. They were in almost ice-cold water for three hours, and all the while the Commander was speaking words of cheer to the men. He was



CAPTAIN W. S. BARHAM.

Who died of wounds in Flanders.



CAPTAIN FANE MURRAY.

Killed at Ypres last year.



CAPTAIN RUPERT MURRAY.

Who fell at Neuve Chapelle in March.

instrumental in saving the lives of many, and is now in command of the Caronia. Among the losses of "Men of Kent" are Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin Berkeley Cook of Roydon Hall, who commanded the 1st Life Guards; Major Aubrey W. Buckingham of Harrietsham Manor, who was in the Gordon Highlanders and fell at Hooge in November, and the two sons of Colonel Gostling Murray of the Moat, Charing and Whitton Park—Captain Fane Murray of the 12th Lancers, who fell at Ypres last year, and Captain Rupert Auriol C. Murray of the Seaforth Highlanders, who fell at Neuve Chapelle in March. Lieutenant Thomas Edward Geoffrey Leigh-Pemberton of the 13th Battalion of the London Regiment, the only child of Mr. Wilfred Leigh-Pemberton of Wrinsted, has also fallen, shot when doing duty in a very exposed part of the trenches. "He was," wrote one of his men, "one of our bravest officers. He considered his men; in fact, he used to take four hours' duty while his sergeant slept. He would at any time carry the pack of any man who was knocked up. I'm sure any of our men would have followed him through fire and water." His cousin, Mr. Douglas Leigh-Pemberton, son of Mr. R. Leigh-Pemberton of Torry Hill, joined his father's regiment, the Grenadier Guards, and is now at the front.

Captain Amyas Eden Borton of the Black Watch and the Flying Corps, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Borton of Hunton, has won the Distinguished Service Order by his wonderful feat of endurance when on a flying reconnaissance on June 7th in the neighbourhood of Staden.

Wounded in the head and neck by a bullet, he at first lost consciousness and control of his machine. He then recovered sufficiently to steer, and his observer, Captain Marshall, who also won the Distinguished Service Order, handed him bandages and helped to bind up his wounds. Though very weak from loss of blood, he continued his reconnaissance and brought his machine safely back to our lines. He is now a squadron commander. His elder brother, Mr. Arthur Drummond Borton, is in command of a machine-gun squadron at the Dardanelles. Lieutenant J. G. Gerard Leigh of Lees Court near Faversham, who is in the 1st Life Guards, was wounded in the first weeks of the war; and Second-Lieutenant H. M. Hordern, grandson of Mr. Herbert L. C. Hordern of Throwley House, is in the Royal Garrison Artillery. Many members of the Dawes family of Mount Ephraim are serving—Second-Lieutenant Edwyn Sandys Dawes, son of Mr. W. C. Dawes, in the East Kent Yeomanry; and three sons of the late Sir Edwyn Dawes, Captain H. Dawes in the East Kent Yeomanry, who was wounded lately in the Dardanelles, Major B. Dawes in the Westminster Dragoons, and Major Edwyn Dawes of the Black Watch in the Remount Department. Captain S. C. Berry son of Mr. W. W. Berry of Gushmere Court, who was in the Kent Garrison Artillery, has been appointed Staff Captain. Major Sir William A. I. Kay, who is in the King's Royal Rifles, won the Distinguished Service Order for making a valuable and dangerous personal reconnaissance within one hundred yards of the enemy's outposts on October 1st, and has been since wounded. Captain Henry Hardy of the Buffs, son of the late Mr. C. S. Hardy of Chilham Castle, has been wounded, and his brother, Mr. Alan Hardy of the Flying Corps, killed by falling from his aeroplane near Montrose. Captain M. G. E. Bell of Bourne Park, of the 6th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, is a General Staff officer, and Mr. George Byng Marshall of Bursted Manor has been in France with the British Red Cross since the beginning of the war, and is now taking a motor ambulance convoy to France. A great many "Men of Kent" are serving with the East Kent Yeomanry, among them Major Sir Henry Dering of Surrenden-Dering, Major Edmund and Captain Alured Faunce de Laune of Sharsted Court, Lieutenant J. R. Tylden, son of Mr. Tylden of Milstead Manor, and Lieutenant C. E. Hatfield of Hartsdown. Among the losses in the regiment, which has been in action in Gallipoli, are Captain Robert Sebag-Montefiore, who was captain of the Rochester troop, and Second-Lieutenant Frank Noel Tuff, whose brother fell on Hill 60 in April.

Near the southern district of Kent, close to the Sussex border, Captain William Prevost, son of Mrs. Prevost of Elford, near Hawkhurst, is in the Army Cyclist Corps, and Mr. G. Jessel, son of Sir George Jessel of Ladham House, near Goudhurst, is in the 5th Buffs, while Lieutenant R. Jessel is in the 7th Hampshires. Captain D. R. Salomons of the 1/3rd Kent Field Company, R.E., only son of Sir David Salomons of Broomhill, who had enlisted a large number of men by his influence in the neighbourhood of Broomhill, was drowned while in command of troops on October 28th. He was last seen on the bridge of the Hythe directing his men how to save themselves. When asked to look after himself, his last words were: "No, I will see my men safe first." Colonel Arthur Saxby Barham of Hole Park is in command of the 2/12th London Regiment, "The Rangers," and his elder son, Captain Wilfred Saxby Barham, died of wounds in Flanders this October, after serving with the 1st Buffs at the front since November, 1914. He was given his company at a very early age, rose to the occasion at once, and commanded his company in a way that showed him to be a commander of exceptional merit. His death was a great loss to the regiment.

Major G. L. A. Dodd, son of Mr. G. A. Dodd of Godinton House, near Ashford, is in the 10th Northumberland Fusiliers. East of the Great Stour, Major Sir H. A. H. F. Lennard of Wickham Court is serving with the 8th Battalion of the Border Regiment. Mr. Douglas Hammond, son of Mr.

Egerton Hammond of the Old Court House, Nonington, who was with the Buffs, has fallen in action, as has Captain Eric Frank Penn of the 4th Grenadier Guards, the eldest son of Mr. William Penn of St. Alban's Court, and Captain William Howard of the 8th Buffs. Mr. J. H. Monins' only son, Mr. J. E. Monins, is in the 4th Buffs. Major T. Elmer Speed of Knowlton Court, who is in the East Kent Yeomanry, has two sons serving—Lieutenant Jack Speed in the 2nd Life Guards, and Lieutenant Douglas Speed in the King's Royal Rifles—and Captain Rowland S. Fletcher of the Northumberland Fusiliers, son of the late Mr. Lionel J. W. Fletcher of Ewell Manor and Elmscroft, has been killed in action in the Dardanelles. Colonel H. C. C. D. Simpson, the son of the late Major-General H. R. Simpson of Kearsney Abbey, near Dover, is employed at the War Office. Major Charles H. B. Prescott-Westcar of Strode Park, near Canterbury, is a Brigade Major, and Captain W. V. L. Prescott-Westcar is in the Rifle Brigade. Captain C. B. Jackson of the 2nd York and Lancaster Regiment, son of Mr. Lawrence Jackson of



MAJOR SIR WILLIAM KAY, D.S.O.
Who has been wounded.

Updown House, near Easby, was wounded at Armentières, but has returned to the front as aide-de-camp to Sir Herbert Plumer. Mr. Rice of North Court has two cousins serving, Commander Robert Alexander Rice, on the Hindustan, and Major Cecil Edward Rice, who is with the Scottish Horse in the Dardanelles. Mr. F. D. Brockman of Beachborough has two sons with the Colours, Mr. William Drake Brockman as a private in the 3rd Buffs, and Mr. Francis Hugh Drake Brockman as a Second-Lieutenant in the 4th Buffs.

In the Isle of Thanet, Lieutenant Charles W. Marsh-Smith, eldest son of Captain Marsh-Smith of the Hall, St. Nicholas-at-Wade, is in the 3rd Buffs; and Major J. W. D. Hilton-Johnson of Sarre Court is attached to the Imperial General Staff, while his son, Major Alan Hilton-Johnson, who is in the reserve of officers, is now on the General Staff in France. Three sons of the late Mr. James Friend of Northdown are with the Colours: Captain Reginald S. Friend of the 1st Buffs, who, after serving with his regiment last winter, has been appointed an instructor at the Cadet School at headquarters in France; Lieutenant James Friend, who is with the East Kent Yeomanry in Gallipoli; and Captain Arthur Friend of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who has been at the front with his regiment since the early weeks of the war. The eldest brother, Captain George Burton Tuddy Friend of the 6th Buffs, who went to France with his regiment in June, was killed a month later while repairing some wire entanglements in front of their trenches. M. J.

LITERATURE.

JOHN THADEUS DELANE.

WHETHER it may have been who projected the idea of a series of books on the makers of the "Nineteenth Century" deserves to be congratulated. There is too great a tendency on the part of the young lions of to-day to belittle those who went before them. Probably the contempt imparted into the phrase "The Victorian Era" caused the substitution of "The Nineteenth Century" for it. Mr. Basil Williams, the general editor, defines the period chosen as roughly between 1830 and the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. How near his words bring us to it! So near that many will revolt from his characterisation, "a restless, anxious, inquiring nineteenth century." It was a time during which the nation was being gently but successfully lulled to sleep after "that world's earthquake, Waterloo." At the moment, it is but rubbing its eyes, half awake.

The choice is curious that fixed the first place among these "makers" for "Delane of the *Times*," by Sir Edward Cook (Constable). I do not mean to make light of Sir Edward Cook's workmanship. He has produced a skilled and fascinating narrative that deserves, and is certain to receive, a cordial welcome. But in what sense was Delane a maker of last century? Sir Edward Cook describes him as "a political meteorologist" and the phrase fits like a glove. That was what made him a great journalist. But his triumphs and achievements were of no durable value. In his prime he was ever thinking of his paper, and his clear, alert intelligence enabled him to interpret little signs missed by others as amazingly certain indications of what was happening or what was not happening. His doctor, Sir Richard Quain, in the course of a chat at the Athenæum Club, happened to say he had just told Lord Northbrook that a hot climate might suit his delicate girl very well, and Delane, in the next day's *Times*, announced that Lord Northbrook had been appointed Viceroy of India—a daring or rather dare-devil guess, for the matter had been discussed only between Northbrook and Gladstone. On the hunting field or at the card table he caught in an instant the significance of the most casual remark and used it with bold confidence. Not only was he frequently a recipient and occasionally diviner of secrets, but he had a knack of slipping them out most effectively and artistically. Your able editor of to-day makes his splash by using ink in bucketfuls. The reader descends to the news (often insignificant enough!) by a ladder of thick black headlines. Delane thrust his gently forward in the first paragraph of his first leader with a modest "We understand" as preface. But as the sportsman attaches more importance to the wag of a good hound's tail than the loudest tongue of a bad one, so the public learned to appreciate the value of these insinuated disclosures. And the "leaders" themselves were splendid as far as they went. In attack or support, Delane wielded a flashing, trenchant weapon. He was also a manly journalist who despised the mere *personalia*, the gossip, the *trivia* on which lesser journalists battered then as they do now.

But what was he else? To-day more is expected. Worming secrets out of politicians has in this era of specialisation been relegated to a special description of journalist termed (Oh horrid word!) a lobbyist. Delane was a lobbyist of the first rank, and he was a tip-top writer of his kind. Sufficient for the day was the day's comment. He looked neither before nor after, was not a deep political thinker nor the apostle of a cause. He understood the public and could gather into a brilliant essay the points of a situation with very much the same faculty as a ready barrister grasps the essentials of his brief. All that is excellent journalism, a descriptive chronicle of the passing show. Sir Edward Cook dwells upon it with zest. He, too, is a journalist and therefore most appreciative of a fellow craftsman. But it would be as proper to call the playactor a maker of his century as he. Delane's career lacked purpose and substance. He did not even build up his paper so that it might, after his time, go on from strength to strength. His successes were but the glories that fade at sunset. He confined himself to "the goal that hath no goal beyond it set in all the sea," fought for for his paper, but not for his country through the paper.

He who was for ten years the friend and confidant of Palmerston understood the importance of foreign politics, yet he did very little if anything in the way of fighting against the insularity that grew so emphasised in

his day. In him conviction died down at will. Let me take a pregnant example.

In 1864 England failed to interfere with Prussia's annexation of the two Danish provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. The occasion led to Gortschakoff's bitter comment to Lord Napier, "Alors, milord, je mets de côté la supposition que l'Angleterre fasse jamais la guerre pour un question d'honneur."

Palmerston showed an understanding of the real nature of the German design when, in answer to a question asked in Parliament at the end of the session of 1863, he said:

There is no use disguising the fact that what is at the bottom of the German design is the dream of a German fleet and the wish to get Kiel as a German seaport.

In 1848, when the Prussian attack failed, the *Times* had spoken out most vigorously, so much so that a movement was started to boycott English goods in revenge for "the insolent articles of the *Times*." But this time Delane did not stick to his guns. The factors in the situation were that Queen Victoria, actuated by the pro-German sympathies she had adopted from Prince Albert, moved heaven and earth to prevent this country going to war for "a scrap of paper." Add to this the peace-at-any-price eloquence of Cobden and Bright and the anti-war sentiments of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville and it will be understood why England needed a resolute leader to combat such elements of weakness. Delane might indeed have won a place among the makers of his century if he had been a statesman. Sir Edward Cook's description of the part he played shows how he was ever and always the journalist out for copy, never the really great man.

It seemed uncertain for a time on which side the *Times* would declare itself. During the Conference Lord Palmerston had remonstrated with Delane on his too "German tone." On June 21st and again on the 23rd the leading article, though carefully guarded, was on the whole bellicose in tone; but this was the fire of artillery covering a retreat. On June 24th, the day before the fateful meeting of the Cabinet was to be held, Delane, though again with some caution, cast his vote for peace. Three days later he printed a powerful argument in favour of non-intervention. The attitude of the *Times* did much to rally the middle opinion of the nation in support of the probably wise, but certainly inglorious, policy.

John Thadeus Delane will not abide the test applied by those who have to face the results of political action of the last century. At a time of less stress than the present it would have been pleasant enough to touch lightly on his burly, cheery figure, his love of society and sport, his cleverness and brilliance; but what one feels most to-day is that he only "fought for his own hand" and was the parasite rather than the maker of his time. He cannot be numbered with those greater ones whose work was not directly connected with the State—Tennyson and Carlyle in literature, Darwin and Huxley in science, or Lister in medicine. He was attached to the politicians, a group occupying a lower level, and his bobbings in and out among them are, after all, that of a hanger-on, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, at the best a recorder of storms in a tea-cup. The mighty and piercing tragedy of this war is traceable to the refusal of Nineteenth Century England to accept her destiny and its responsibilities. It was, indeed, a great era in literature, in science, in art, but one of the weakest in political foresight and political resolution. Those like Delane, who had endless opportunities of remedying this and missed them cannot be deemed in any sense "saviours of society." R. St. J. M.

Among the Canadian Alps. by Laurence J. Burpee, F.R.G.S.; with four illustrations in colour, forty-five reproductions from photographs and five maps. (John Lane.)

HANDSOMELY got up, with clear print and a wide margin, Mr. Burpee's book should prove of value to anyone meditating a trip in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. He introduces us to their early explorers, and incidentally gives some interesting information as to the origin of place names. The formation and growing importance of the various national parks are described. They are being enlarged and steadily improved under careful supervision, their wild life is increasing, and in many of their lakes first-class trout fishing is to be obtained. Instances of the difficulties attending the first assaults of mountaineers on these great mountains will be read with attention by all climbers, and now that the Canadian Alps are becoming more widely known this volume should command a ready sale among a certain class of reader. There are five maps, rather too small to be of much practical use, and a series of beautiful photographs excellently reproduced. Four illustrations in colour add to the attractiveness of the work. A useful bibliography is given at the end.

Chats on Military Curios, by Stanley C. Johnson. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
Rank at a Glance. (George Philip and Son.)
 DR. STANLEY JOHNSON'S book is opportune because persistent collectors are always with us, and the war will create thousands of casual collectors whose interest is turned for the first time into military channels. He throws his net wide and deals with badges, uniforms, armour, weapons, medals, prints, autographs, and even with postmarks and memorial brasses to soldiers! We devoutly hope no one will try to make a collection of the last category.

It is obvious that a book which covers so wide a field deals rather shortly with some classes of objects, and the collector of medals will do better to rely on some monograph such as Mr. W. Augustus Steward's "War Medals and their History," but its very discursiveness is useful to anyone who vaguely wants to collect and wants his energies directed. "Rank at a Glance" is a handy little shilling book which does what its title promises: enables us to distinguish all branches of the Services and all ranks by the (now much simplified) scheme of badges and stripes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WIVETON HALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with the greatest pleasure the very interesting and charmingly illustrated account of Wiveton Hall which appeared in your issue of Nov. 27th. I rather wondered why the writer of the article made no mention of the shrieking ghost, heard on a stormy night in winter. I first saw Wiveton Hall—some twenty years ago—on a grey and windy day, and I felt that its gaunt and wind-swept site fitted in well with the legend. The writer also makes no reference to the old deal panelling, quite as early in date as the oak. When one remembers—as he states—how busy a port Cley once was the tradition that this was made from wood brought thither from Norway seems plausible enough. When I saw its years of beeswax and "elbow-grease" had made it as rich in tone and mellow as the oak. One would like to know whether the porch ever possessed another story. It certainly looks as if it did, and the dormer above has a modern appearance. Although the narrow transomed windows with only two lights point to a latish seventeenth century date, I cannot agree with your writer that (the house being in Norfolk) the pediments over windows, etc., prove the same. These pediments to doors and windows are—like crow-stepped gables—a peculiarity in Norfolk architecture, and I could name a score or more of houses of Elizabethan date which show them. Again, I do not think, being in Norfolk, that the Wiveton Hall type of gable could be of "the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century." Blickling, which is, I think, dated 1620, has them; but otherwise, in this county, they are almost invariably crow-stepped or plain until well into the seventeenth century. I trust the writer of your most interesting article will not think that these comments are in any way carping; they are merely an expression of opinion. By the way, the names of Edmund and Simon "Britisse" should, of course, be "Britiffe." No doubt the reader of the conveyance took the "f's" of this unusual name for the long letters "s" of the period. —NORFOLCIENSIS.

[Our contributor "J." to whom this letter was sent, writes: "I am interested to hear about the shrieking ghost. With regard to the east front of Wiveton, I do not say that 'pediments over windows prove that the house is of latish seventeenth century date.' In the first half of the seventeenth century (and earlier) many houses in Norfolk, as is well known, have pediments over the windows; for example, Barmingham (built in 1612) and Kirsicad Old Hall (1614). What I said was 'the old house . . . has the finalised gables with curved coping which might have been built at any time during the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, but the pedimented window-cases and porch . . . mark it as touched by the spirit of the later Renaissance,' i.e., the type of porch and pedimented window-case is obviously of about 1650. The statement above that gables with curved coping might 'have been built at any time during the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century' is in reference to English building generally, not to Norfolk building in particular. The curved gable appears freely in John Thorpe's drawings in the Soane Museum. I do not fancy the porch had a story above it, from what I remember, and the effect would have been intolerably pinched if an imaginary story is added. I am very glad to have the correction of the spelling of the name Britiffe, which I have never met with before."—ED.]

THE HON. VERE HARMSWORTH'S INTERNMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I now find that I was not quite up to date in my note about the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, son of Lord Rothermere, who was interned in Holland after the Antwerp adventure. He escaped, and has been serving for the last six months with his regiment, the Hawke Battalion, in the trenches at Gallipoli.—M. J.

A COMPOSITE BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if the writer of the letter on Gilsland Bridge has read "An Habitation Enforced" in Mr. Kipling's "Actions and Reactions." Mr. Crowe mentions every detail about the bridge, except one. He does not say of what wood the bridge is built. The importance of this is just Mr. Kipling's moral.—CHARLES SAYLE.

[This letter was sent to Mr. Crowe, who replies to it as follows: "I have read the story mentioned by Mr. Sayle in his letter, and am sorry to say that the bridge is not built of oak. It is built of pine, I think, and would therefore be regarded by Farmer Cloke as 'only a temp'ry job!' The man who built the bridge has either not read 'An Habitation Enforced,' or else is not so thorough in his work as old Cloke!"—ED.]

BROOD MARE SCHEMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is a very widely spread feeling among those who are interested in horse breeding that the various brood mare schemes have failed. Certainly, so far as I have any knowledge of the schemes and their working, I

am inclined to think that no marked success has been achieved. Roughly speaking, all the brood mare schemes work on the same lines. They endeavour to arrange for the distribution to breeders of mares of the required type, hunter or polo pony. These mares are either old mares or have broken down in some way or other, which does not (or at all events is not supposed to) arise from unsoundness. I contend that all such schemes are doomed to failure. Mares which have, for hunting and polo, been kept for years in first rate condition will probably not breed at all in their first season, or the foals will be worthless. Two things seem to stand out from the statistics of the brood mare schemes: either a large number of the mares are barren, or the colts are not worth having. In the long run, when we make up our balance sheet of our brood mare schemes, we shall find that on the whole they are being worked at a loss to breeders and to the societies which make such schemes a part of their programme. The question I want to ask of breeders is this: Granted that our brood mare schemes are failures, or at least not so successful as they ought to be to repay us for the money and trouble expended on them, shall we do away with such schemes altogether and concentrate on increasing or multiplying subsidies to stallions, or is it desirable to encourage any sort of mare scheme? What I wish to suggest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE is that we ought to help the breeder, and that the most profitable way to do this would be by giving premiums to two and three year old fillies, to be paid on foaling. Thus we should give a premium to likely yearling fillies, again to two year olds, and a bonus when at rising three the foal is born, the breeder to have the foal. At four off, the young mare already handled and quiet to lead should be put into light work, and at five years there ought to be a ready market for her. I would select the fillies not only for their looks, but also for their pedigrees; that is, I should prefer for premiums and bonuses those fillies which come of noted jumping stock or from polo mares of character. Yearling, two year old, and possibly three year old classes are perhaps necessary for the prosperity of a show, but these classes do not do much for the breeder or for horse breeding. Foal classes are invaluable, and the more I see of them the more confident I am that this is the right tack for horse breeders. There is another point; we begin at the right end and in the right way. Mares should be bred first and work afterwards. A worn out mare is useless for breeding, a half worn out one is unprofitable, and a broken down one is worse than useless. A true brood mare scheme should encourage breeders to use fresh young mares for breeding. When these young mares are bred from, they are more likely to breed successfully when sent to the stud late in life. By this plan, fillies are made profitable just in those years the expense of which to the breeder is the greatest obstacle to making light horse breeding a commercial success.—X.

THE DISHING HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read the replies of "X" and Mr. Hope Brooke, and should be glad if the latter would carry his arguments a little further. I entirely agree with him that the breeders of hackneys, Shires, etc., do breed for points and get them. I suppose that it matters little what the make and shape of a thoroughbred may be provided he can gallop a bit better than other people's. Speed, I take it, is the first and last consideration; but any tendency to dish must, I think, have the effect of slowing a horse. I never knew a fast horse dish much. One would have thought, then, that breeders of thoroughbred stock would have done all they could to breed out this serious deformity. My own opinion is that the racing of two year olds has much to do with it, if it is not the chief cause. I have not had much to do with Arabs, but I do not think that they are particularly prone to this defect. I agree that they are, as a rule, bad hacks, but I do not think that tripping or stumbling has anything to do with dishing. I have known many horses that dished very badly quite safe and free from stumbling on the road.—A. M. PILLINER.

HORSE DEALERS' PROFITS DURING THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested with "Economist's" remarks *re* "Horse Dealers' Profits During the War." I myself am a dealer, and am sorry to say that my business is hit as badly as any trade could be. One has only to visit any of our best sale yards to see horses of good class sold at such low prices that there is little or no trade in any class of horse bar the best Shire horses. No doubt at the time when all classes of horses were in great demand horse dealers had a good time; but what about now, and when will the hunting trade ever be the same as it was in the past? There are hundreds of dealing men who never keep their books, much less have an audit; but men of business who do keep their accounts will have to pay their share of war tax. There is no trade where there is anything like the risk that there is in the horse trade, and I feel certain that no known dealer would not rather have his ordinary trade kept at a par than have the Government order for a time and then have his trade at a standstill. Anyway, I never knew any man to make much money at the horse dealing trade, and am of the opinion that what little they have made they will need, as they have no trade left,

and you will always find the sporting man willing to pay his share. With regard to enquiries, I think they might be made to great advantage to the taxpayer. By whom were all the cast-off horses bought that are sold week by week at our sale yards? Objects, not horses; it is a disgrace. They must have cost the taxpayer four or even five times the amount they are sold for. As far as my trade goes as a dealer, before the war I used to keep twenty-five hunters up during the season to hire out or trade with. In the summer months I used to supply the Government with horses for camp use, and now I have hardly any trade left at all, and have fifty to sixty

horses on my hands with no means of disposing of them either at their value in an ordinary time or at near what they cost a few months ago. So, personally, I think that "horse dealers' profits during the war" wants consideration in a proper light. We as a body should pay our share, but it should be looked at on both sides.—
ARCHIE E. MOSS.

AN AUSTRALIAN SNAP-SHOT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am sending a photograph of one of our sulphur-crested cockatoos in a wattle tree, which I thought might interest your readers, many of whom probably have never seen a cockatoo in its natural state. The



A SULPHUR-CREST AT HOME.

wattle bloom has reached the seed stage, otherwise perhaps the picture might have been called "A study in white and gold."—D. H. LLEWELLYN.

PLANS FOR PEACE TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You said on September 18th last that additional wealth must be created for meeting the cost of the war by home development within the realm of Britain, and as all wealth comes from the land, this may and should be done by more intensive cultivation of British land. That is to say, I take it, that in your opinion the required additional wealth can be obtained if all the fertile land in Great Britain be properly cultivated for all it is worth, i.e., on strict business principles. But how is it possible to apply such principles to the cultivation of land which is also used indiscriminately for other purposes besides the primary one of cultivation, among others, for those of sport? Surely, if your object is to be attained, the whole use of the land in this country must be far more strictly confined to agriculture than it is at present. We cannot have it both ways, and the handicap of sport upon British agriculture must be reduced, if the latter is to have a fair chance. It is quite certain, however, that, as compared with other countries, the soil of which is no more fertile or more favourably suited for producing wealth than our own, British agriculture does not get a fair chance. In the judgment of many scientific agriculturists, foreign as well as home bred, the soil of Great Britain is capable of producing three times what it does now; but as regards the full bearing of crops, their preservation from injury, and in other subsidiary industries connected with farming, such as poultry keeping, etc., full effect has never yet been given to its capabilities. While the present conditions remain, I venture to say that the suggested general adoption of intensive cultivation, which is the only reasonable course, and ought to have been initiated long ago, is a practical

impossibility. Perhaps some of your readers will discuss this question.—Z.

[The reclamation of land would vastly increase sporting facilities.—Ed.]

NEWTONS SUNDIAL.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the sundial made by Sir Isaac Newton when he was a boy. It was carved by him on a stone in the house in which he was born, his only tool being a penknife. There it remained for many years, but it is now preserved in the Newton Chapel in Colsterworth Church. So far, so good. But will it be believed that the ecclesiastical authorities of that church have actually placed the organ directly in front of this interesting relic, so that a stranger entering the church would probably never see the dial at all. It was with the greatest difficulty that this photograph was secured, and I think it is a great pity that this Newton sundial should continue to be hidden from view. It is surely of greater interest than a "kist o' whistles."—HENRY WALKER.



CARVED WITH A PENKNIFE.

BARLEY AND BLINDNESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This may not be apposite to the question asked by Mr. Lucas, but I know that when threshing out barley with the old flail, the man so employed made a sort of shield with which he shaded his eyes to prevent bits from the spikes entering them. The belief was that spikes would cause blindness, and such "spicules" I know cause much trouble when they get into the eye, producing inflammation, and bits from any sort of grain or from hay cause similar trouble, and also sore throat.—R.

STUCK FAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Lawrence, who farms the Hayes Barton Farm, South Devon, missed a sheep when counting a flock. After searching, the sheep was found, as the photograph shows, fixed in the feeding trough and quite

unable to free itself. From greed, or some other cause, it had crawled into the trough, but when it wanted to get out was unable to do so, as the iron bar running down the centre of the trough prevented it from rising to its feet, and without rising to its feet it could not get free. When found, it had apparently been struggling for hours, and was in the last stage of exhaustion. Mr. Lawrence's son, who found the sheep, by a lucky chance had his camera with him and photographed it before it was set free, a piece of work that was only accomplished with very great difficulty.—M. M.



'Twas no for need
But just for greed,

And Jockie Reid
Was Jockie deid.

JAMES WYATT AND THE THEATRE AT BIRMINGHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very interested to learn from Mr. A. T. Bolton's article in your issue of November 6th on the house at Soho, near Birmingham, that the famous James Wyatt probably designed it for Matthew Boulton. Is it not possible, in view of the latter's interest in the original New Street Theatre, that the fine façade destroyed a few years ago may also have been the work of James Wyatt?—C. G. Q.

[Our correspondent's letter was given to Mr. Arthur T. Bolton, who has sent us the following conclusive answer with a copy of the engraving of the theatre now reproduced:]

"About 1779, Wyatt, thanks no doubt to the success of the famous Pantheon, was asked to give a design for the front block of the Birmingham Theatre facing to New Street.

"Very familiar with this fine façade, heedlessly, alas, destroyed a few years back, I had long thought that it might have been built from an Adam design. It is, indeed, very strange that all trace of Wyatt's connection with this design should have been entirely lost. 'Hutton's History of Birmingham to 1780,' appearing in 1781, tells us of the local theatres in 1774: 'About the time that in New Street was erected upon a suitable spot, an extensive plan, and richly ornamented with paintings and scenery. Expense seems the least consideration. An additional and superb portico was erected in 1780, which perhaps may cause it to be pronounced one of the first theatres in Europe. Two busts in relief, of excellent workmanship, are elevated over the attic windows: one is the father and the other the refiner of the British stage—Shakespeare and Garrick. Also two figures eight feet high are said to be under the chisel, one of Thalia and the other of Melpomene, the comic and tragic muses: the value of one hundred and fifty guineas. Places are reserved for their reception to augment the beauty of the front and show the taste of the age.'

"This account, the substance and even the wording of which have been repeated in all subsequent accounts, is accompanied by a shaded elevation of the façade headed, 'Birmingham Theatre, Hotel, and Tavern.' It should be understood that the New Street site is deep and slopes down considerably



THE OLD BIRMINGHAM THEATRE.

to the back. The actual theatre first built was at the rear, and the front block was an independent structure added later. This accounts for the remarkable fact that the theatre was twice burnt and rebuilt in 1792 and 1820, while the Wyatt façade and front block remained until it was deliberately pulled down. After exhausting in vain all the likely sources, search of the local papers produced the following from Aris's *Birmingham Gazette*, of Monday, June 12th, 1780: 'On Monday evening last the theatre in New Street was opened with the favourite comedy of the *Busy-Body*. . . . the roof of the theatre has been richly decorated with elegant paintings, and the panels of the boxes beautifully ornamented with the manufacture of Messrs. Gee and Egginton of this town. At the entrance of the theatre a most superb portico is now erecting from the design of one of the first artists in the Kingdom.'

"The mention of Egginton suggested that Matthew Boulton, who had warmly supported the theatre movement in what Edmund Burke called the 'Toy Shop of Europe,' had taken an interest in the building. There may have been reasons therefore why Wyatt's name was not given, as Egginton, one of Boulton's artists, in 1777 was then in touch with Chambers, Stuart, and probably Adam as well as Wyatt. In recording the fire of August 23rd, 1792, however, twelve years later, Swinney's *Birmingham and Stafford Chronicle* says: 'The excessive heat forced large flakes of stone from the pillars which ornamented the front of the building, the work of the celebrated Wyatt, the Architect.' This fortunate discovery, for which I have to thank the Librarian of the Birmingham Libraries, has now set the authorship of the design at rest. This Wyatt façade, badly damaged as it had been by various alterations and paintings, retained to the last an effect which it must have owed to its proportion. Simple as the design may appear in the old print it constituted a most satisfactory building, and by its destruction Birmingham lost something which will always be remembered with regret."—ED.]

THE BRADFORD-ON-AVON TITHE BARN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your pages invariably suggest a more living interest in architecture than is to be found in any other journal, which I attribute to the impartial criticism you apply. I was therefore glad to see the Wiltshire Archaeological Society appealing through your columns on behalf of the well known tithe barn at Bradford-on-Avon. The town is peculiarly associated with English

architecture, its unique Anglo-Saxon church being almost the first thing brought to the notice of the student. The tithe barn he discovers for himself in later years and finds that true meaning of buildings which lies outside the architectural text book. These splendid old tithe barns illustrate better than any other buildings what architecture is, and it would be a definite loss if one of them should be suffered to collapse. The tithe barn of the abbots was in no sense the exposition of a creed, but merely the solution of a problem, in which lies its essential architectural interest. I trust that very effort will be made to save the threatened building.—MAX JUDGE.



A PORCH OF THE BRADFORD BARN.

CHESTERTON WINDMILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The locality of this old mill, of which an excellent photograph appeared in your issue of last week, is attributed to Oxfordshire. Warwickshire can claim the ownership, as it is situated six miles south-east of Warwick town on Lord Willoughby de Broke's estate. It has always been understood to be the work of Inigo Jones, and was erected by Sir Edward Peyto in 1632 on the site of an earlier structure. It is built of ashlar and circular in shape, of fine proportions, the body being supported on six square pillars with moulded arches and caps, the ascent to the interior being made by a wooden ladder underneath. The domed roof is lead-covered and revolves to suit the flier's direction. There are several windows in the upper portion and one dormer in the roof. It is said to have served as a model for one erected at Rhode Island in 1676. The remains of a Roman camp lie half a mile to the west, where coins and pottery have been discovered. A good view of the mill, which was worked until recently, is obtained from the Great Western Railway soon after passing Harbury station towards Leamington.—C. M. C. ARMSTRONG.

[There need be no doubt that Inigo Jones was the architect, as he did much work in the neighbourhood, but the best argument is the difficulty of guessing who else there was capable of so advanced a design.—ED.]

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD SHEEPDOG AND HER SON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a couple of my canine friends (Old English bobtail and son) which I thought might interest your readers, particularly those who are lovers of animals. When taking the photograph my original intention was to "snap" the young one by itself, but owing to its highly strung temperament it would not keep still enough to enable me to obtain a successful exposure. However, the old mother came to the rescue and planted herself down alongside her offspring (feeling herself "out of it," I presume), with the result that I secured what I think you will agree is a pleasing picture. The mother is now close on fifteen years old and is still fairly lively, although somewhat dull of hearing. I may mention that the photograph was taken about three years ago, exposure one-fiftieth of a second, full aperture, in bright spring weather.—H. COCKCROFT.



"NOW, TAKE US BOTH."